



MARCH 1939

The American
LEGION

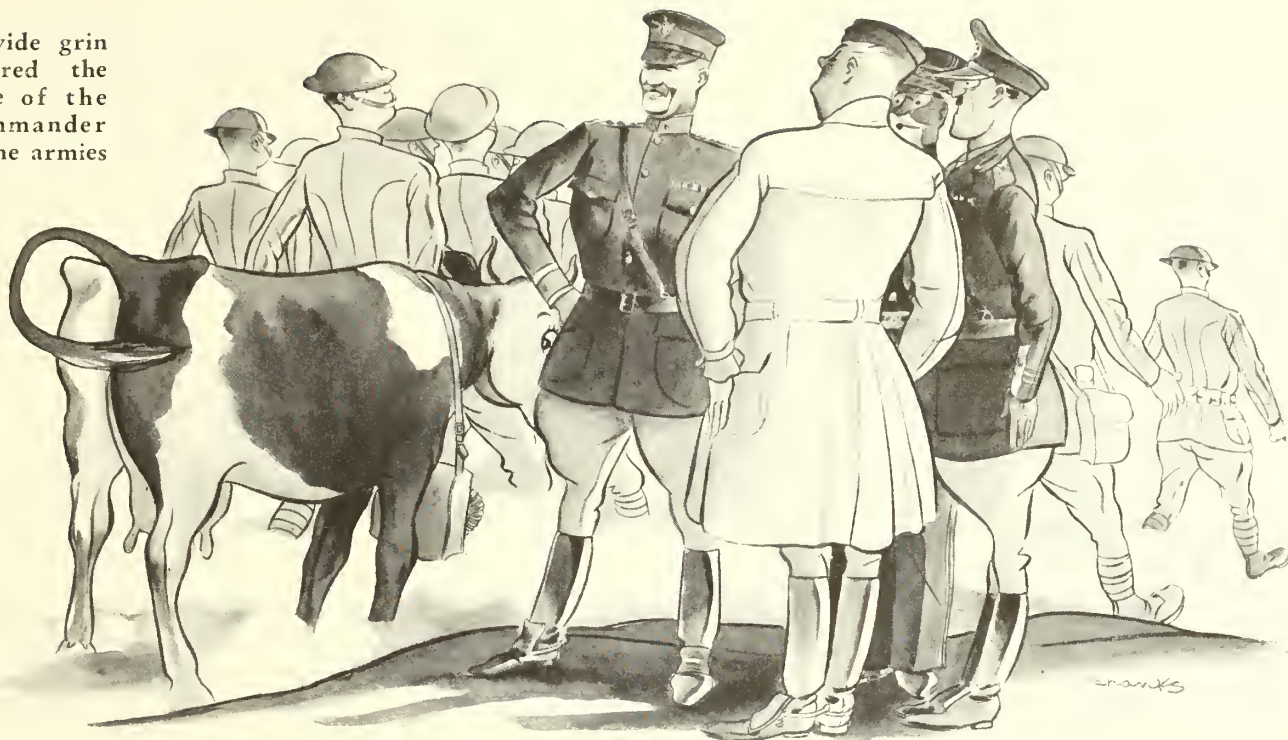


*Nothing else
will do—*

Chesterfields give me
more pleasure than any
cigarette I ever smoked

A HAPPY COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

A wide grin covered the face of the Commander of the armies



BATTLE-LINE BOSSY

BY M.M. CAPPS

THEY trudged along. The men of the 113th Field Artillery had just been through their "first baptism of fire" at St. Mihiel. They were under orders to go to the Argonne Forest "with the least practical delay." The march was long. The roads were muddy and as usual it was raining along the Western Front.

The outfit, largely made up of North Carolinians, was in none too good humor despite the success at St. Mihiel. They were dog-tired and hungry, many of them were ill. They had seen one of their crack batteries suffer heavy casualties, and one of their most popular officers, Lieutenant Douglas, of New Jersey, killed by direct German fire. The march, except for a rather small part of the way, was of necessity made at night. Smoking was prohibited and this added nothing to the "enthusiasm" of the men.

But most of the boys remembered with longing one good feast they had enjoyed since going on the lines. After the closing of the St. Mihiel salient they had made their headquarters for the greater part of a day in the barracks used by the German headquarters for more than two years. On arriving at these barracks they found that so swiftly had the German troops, who were able to escape, made their get-

away that they had left their noonday food on the stoves as it was being prepared by the cooks. A huge cabbage patch nearby provided vegetables, and meat was also to be found. It was not many minutes before these youngsters had the pots boiling in true Southern style and most of them that day enjoyed a real Carolina meal. Meantime, other foragers had captured a wild hog on the hills overlooking Thiaucourt and these mountain lads made quick work in converting this animal into barbecue.

It remained, however, for two replacement youths from eastern Tennessee to make the prize capture. They succeeded in rounding up a milch cow which had provided cream for the coffee of the German officers at that point. The cow was fat. She had been well cared for. It was obvious to those who knew their cows that she would be a splendid addition to any farm, home or pasture. But what was to be done with her on the Western Front? The problem was placed before the Battalion Commander, Major Bulwinkle. He agreed that the cow should be "attached" to battalion headquarters detail. She was. Skeptics frowned. They

said that a cow could not make long marches, that she would never be able to keep up with the regiment, that if she did she certainly would be worthless as a provider of milk. They argued that the Army was not called upon to provide cow rations and for these reasons they urged that quicker benefits in the way of butchering be derived from the cow. Their suggestions brought loud protests from the detail. The protests were upheld by Major Bulwinkle and the Battalion Adjutant, Captain Robert Beaman, now an investment broker of Norfolk.

The cow remained with them. She encouraged the troops. Oftentimes during the long marches a word along the line that the cow was going strong brought cheers from the tired group of fighters. Extraordinary efforts had brought forth cow food from a French farm. She ate hay along with the horses. She was provided with a gas mask. She kept up her quota of milk. She produced about two gallons a day during that long march from St. Mihiel to the Argonne and during those long days the regiment was battling at Avocourt, Montfaucon and on the way to Sedan. She made it possible for the men of "her" detail to have fresh milk daily with their (Continued on page 40)

Illustration by
GEORGE SHANKS

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion

MARCH, 1939

The American LEGION MAGAZINE

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★
LAST October when this magazine blithely announced a \$1,500 prize contest for short stories or articles written by Legionnaires it was little prepared for the deluge. In fact the writing strength of the Legion was greatly underestimated. Now we're flooded, engulfed, encompassed about and almost sunk. We have piles of manuscripts on chairs and tables, the office corners are filled, and there is yet a big reserve in packing cases and cartons to draw on. The contest officially closed on January 16th; the editorial staff—who are the judges—are just getting a good start on first reading and making the first tentative selections.

More than five thousand Legionnaires responded to the invitation to submit manuscripts in the contest—some sent in more than one, in fact one Legionnaire writer sent six. So the number of scripts to read and consider—and each one will have careful reading and consideration—far outruns the number of individuals competing. It is hoped that the names of the winners—at least the tops—can be announced in the next number of the magazine, but that is not a definite promise. At any rate, we can and will promise definitely to make a complete report at the earliest date possible.

WHERE did they all come from? That's easily answered. The manuscripts came from all over America, and some from Legionnaires temporarily residing in foreign countries. But don't ask us to tell you what these Legionnaires wrote about—that cannot be done within the limits of the reading space of this magazine. Up until now, after reading and judging hour after hour, it would seem that

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IMPORTANT

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 49.

★
the Legionnaire interest just about covers the whole range of human endeavor. There are stories of personal experience—war experiences predominating—vivid, dramatic, intensely human; short stories, and articles on hundreds of subjects; poems, and on down the literary scale to cooking recipes, or up the scale, as you please, since a competent wordsmith tells us: We may live without friends, we may live without books, But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

Now, just another word about the contest. The rules plainly say that it will be impossible for the staff to enter into correspondence regarding manuscripts. Don't—please, don't—ask us to plow through six or seven thousand manuscripts, filed in order of receipt in cartons and packing cases, to find one entry. It just can't be done.

HIGHLIGHT of the month of March is the twentieth birthday of The American Legion, (see "Launching the Legion," by Eric Fisher Wood, in this number), when on the night of the 15th, Posts everywhere are asked to honor the old-timers with special events such as "founders' night," or "charter member night." The climax of the Legion's birthday program will be a coast-to-coast broadcast, an hour in length, packed with entertainment and musical thrills and a special message by National Commander Stephen F. Chadwick, which is expected to eclipse all previous programs. The program will start at 11:15 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, originating in the studios of WJZ, New York, and will be carried over the blue network of the National Broadcasting Co.

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IF A CANDLE HAD THREE ENDS...

Those who burn the candle at both ends are borrowing tomorrow's pleasures for today. If a candle had three ends they'd burn them all. Then, there's the fellow who never lights his candle at all. He's bluffed by his fears of tomorrow.

The destiny of our America depends upon those who can see today's needs clearly... who can await tomorrow with confidence. Such was the spirit of our gallant forefathers. Had they burned the candle at both ends, or, had they failed to burn it at all... they would have accomplished nothing. Instead, they left us a priceless heritage... a land and opportunities that other nations envy.



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5 for 25¢



DEMOCRACY

and SPORT

By
**GENE
TUNNEY**

Cartoon by
JOHN CASSEL

THE most precious thing in the life of an American today is his right to live his life freely, to speak his mind, to decide for or against a given thing, and to stand by that decision. That is democracy at its fullest and best, and to live under any other conditions would be intolerable to us. That doesn't mean that we've got to start a crusade to make over the totalitarian countries that hate democracy. On the contrary, it is one of the fundamentals of democracy that the people of every country have the right to determine the form of government under which they wish to live. So long as other nations don't try to interfere with our affairs the system of government under which they carry on is a matter of indifference to us. However, when their citizens use our precious rights of free speech, free assembly and free press to hit us blows below the belt, right in our own ring, we must not hesitate to deliver a knockout.

The communists in our midst sneer at the capitalist system and see in it nothing but oppression of the weak by the strong. But twenty years of communism in the Soviet republics have shown nothing but the most heartless oppression of the weak (who are by far the majority of the population) by a tightly-knit minority who use the well-fed and well-clothed army to keep the rest of the population in hand. Nobody knows exactly how many members there are in the communist party in Russia, but there certainly are not more than three million in a total population of some one hundred and eighty million. Similarly, with perhaps different percentages, in the fascist countries. Neither would dare have a free and open election by the entire body of adults, for the people would send them packing.

The American people have lived for a great many years under a democratic form of government functioning within



HERE

• • • • •
THERE

the capitalist system. I don't say we have always lived under capitalism, because generally speaking economists date the beginning of capitalism from the introduction of steam power to industrial

production, which would mean from the early 1800's. The United States has never felt that industrial and social conditions at a given moment in its history should be (Continued on page 53)

MY GRAVY TRAIN

By

CORNELIUS H. REECE

Illustration
by

FRANK STREET



WHEN former soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces engage in the pastime of fighting the war over again, the question often comes up as to who it was had the best, softest and cushiest job.

Now everyone knows who were the outstanding heroes of the war. But about the only pleasure in being a hero comes after the action is all over. Then the one who has carved out a place for himself in history can, for a few moments, listen to the plaudits of his fellow citizens. However, after he has ridden up the main stem and had the key to his home city presented to him, he once more becomes an ordinary mortal and washes the family dishes on the maid's night out.

Possibly later the neighbors will inquire about the feats of valor which caused various governments to hang enameled hardware on his manly chest. If so, his wife kicks him under the bridge table, smiles sweetly and says, "Oh, Henry does not want to talk about that again. Do you sweetheart?" Whereat Hank meekly replies, "No, dear," and waits until he and the husband from next door can retire to the kitchen. There he will expand a bit over a highball and relate how he captured Hill 404 single handed.

But it was no fun to be at the front, sleeping in the mud and reading your shirt for cooties. Also the discovery of a keg of

beer, in a captured dugout, was hailed with more delight than the capture of a German brigade headquarters. No, the favorite jobs of the war were not to be found at the front. Some might say that Field Clerks, Dollar-a-Year Workers, or Y. M. C. A. Secretaries had the edge and occupied the best seats on the gravy wagon.

All these answers are wrong. I am, herewith, settling the argument for all time. I have known intimately, slept with and bought beer for the man who had the prize soft place of the war. He even knew it at the time and knows it now. His name is signed as the author of this article. Further, when I say that the possessor of that job was a Marine, I can lean pleasurable back and listen to the gnashing of teeth by the Army men.

And just what was this greatest of all goldbrick jobs?

Why, Assistant Provost Marshal at General Headquarters, and I'll cast back a matter of twenty-odd years and prove it. As a further explanation to civilians, I'll add that Assistant Provost Marshal simply meant head of the military police.

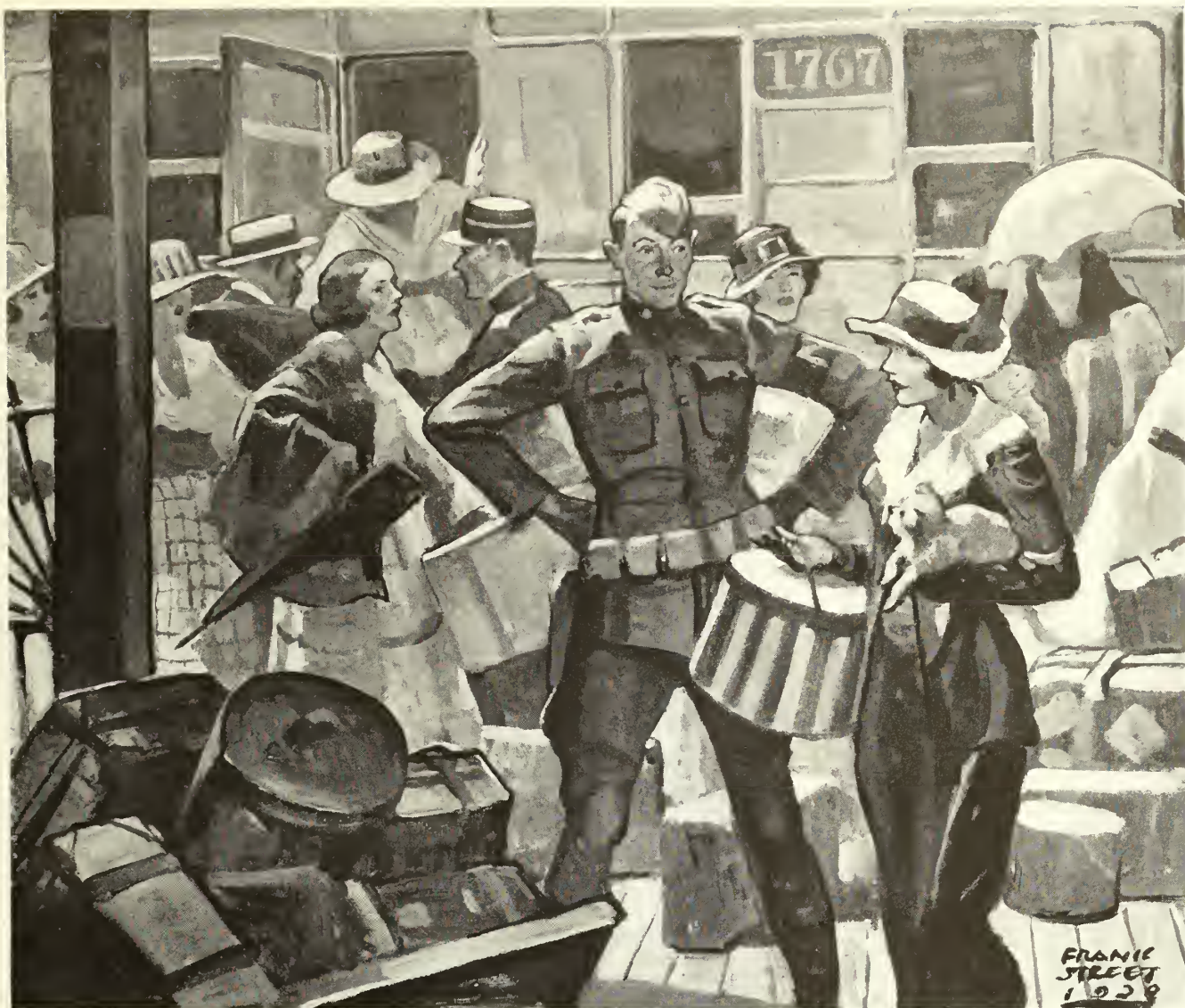
It might be brought up at this point that this same position was a much better one in Paris, but this was not true, for several reasons. For one thing I was the only Provost Marshal at General Headquarters, and there were a great many in

Paris. Further, if there ever was anything desired at General Headquarters, it was immediately brought right around and placed on the front porch. This applied to everything from medals to mademoiselles or easy chairs.

My father was not a Congressman and I had never even heard of General Pershing before the war started, so I cannot be accused of deliberately laying a pipeline for the position. It was just one of those things that happen. I was at the time one of those who could fall down a dark hole and come up with a diamond necklace in each hand.

Many stories have been written about the ghastly realism of the war's horrors. Anyone who has had the price of a movie has had a fairly good idea as to what that part was all about. I wish, however, to show a bit of the silver lining and explain just why it was that *Mademoiselle from Armentières* was the most popular war song.

Early in September, 1917, the 7th Machine Gun Company, with which I was then serving as a lieutenant, was detached from the 5th Regiment of Marines, then training in France, and ordered to General Headquarters. Upon arriving we



Those two sergeants could pick 'em. They tried to hold out on me, but I was no dummy

discovered that we had three duties to perform.

The first was to be General Pershing's guard. To this end we posted sentries at his chateau. Whenever visiting firemen, in the guise of Allied generals or statesmen of importance, came to visit and prevent the general from getting in a full day's work, we would line up and present arms. We also had a guard stationed at the Headquarters proper. Here the sentries were supposed to keep out all spies and salute the passing officers. The fact was that all any spy had to do to get into Headquarters was simply to dress properly—and breeze right in. This possibly accounts for the fact that no spies were ever caught by us. Our third duty was to act as Military Police.

As a side issue, we were supposed to assist in the anti-aircraft defense with our machine guns. This last proved to be a useless function, for it was never considered good form by the opposing armies to bomb each other's headquarters. Bombing would have messed up

the paper work and kept the higher minds from concentrating on the problem of thinking up new and more dangerous places for the fighting men to attack. So without doubt, the safest place during the war was right at General Headquarters.

Chaumont, when we arrived, was just a small, sleepy French town with the usual whiskered mayor and smiling, expectant shopkeepers. These last were already beginning to regard the war as a financial blessing, with so many millionaires in khaki.

AT THIS time there were perhaps a battalion of men and officers at G. H. Q., although when we left during the latter part of the war the American troops numbered many thousands.

The village belles were nearly all wearing wooden shoes and had no stockings, a condition that soon righted itself. Our first engagement, the battle of wine, women and song, was won by the women with no evidence of a struggle. A few months after our arrival, the last of the wooden shoes were being split up for kindling and silk stockings had become as common as red wine.

I cannot, however, give the Marines entire credit for taking this situation in hand. Into Headquarters there poured a steadily increasing number of men and officers, the latter ranking mainly from majors up. In almost no time, colonels and generals were as common on the streets of Chaumont as were lieutenants in training camps.

For some months after our arrival, another lieutenant from our company acted as Provost Marshal. This officer had lived his civilian life in a small town, entirely composed of right-thinking people. Consequently, he believed that when it became dark, everyone should retire to bed and go to sleep. Following out this home grown idea, he promptly closed up the cafés at an early hour. This act caused no little distress among the free thinking and drinking element, which was far in the majority and some of high rank. A change was in order and the Marshal's baton was handed to me. I promptly moved out of camp and into a billet in the center of town, thoughtfully choosing the residence of a leading café owner, whose cellar and daughters were second to none in the village.

My power as (Continued on page 46)

FISTS *Over*

By

IRVING
WALLACE

IT IS pleasing to note that Finland has finally decided upon July 20th of 1940 as the opening of the Olympic Games. Now, at last, we are certain of the exact date when the fist-swinging, nose-thumbing, word-baiting and general mayhem will begin.

The Olympics, revived by the late French sportsman, Baron Pierre de Coubertin, as a means of promoting good will among nations, have served only as an appetizer to international shin-kicking and mud-slinging.

From the first of modern Olympics, staged in Athens during 1896, when the events were mysteriously scheduled according to the Greek calendar, thereby confusing the American squad of ten into arriving on the day of the finals—to the last Olympics staged in Berlin during 1936, when six of America's track and field victories were accomplished by



Johnny Hayes, United States, walking away after winning the Marathon at London in 1908. Dorando, Italian, was in the lead and after collapsing was carried across the finish line by spectators. At left, Jim Thorpe, the greatest ever, who was forced to give back his Olympic trophies



Negroes, drawing bitter protests from Germany—there has yet to be a peaceful international competition.

Each and every Olympic has been a hotbed of intrigue and a battlefield for hate and tempers. And the coming one, while being sponsored by dove-like Finland, should present a perfect preview of the love-thy-neighbor spirit now prevailing between France and Germany, England and Italy, the United States and Japan.

Yes, sir, there will undoubtedly be hell popping in Helsingfors. Or there should

be, if history is actually to repeat itself.

One of the first of the big fusses was created during the Paris games in 1900, when Teato, of France, and three fellow patriots, licked the United States and Greek entries in the Marathon through the convenient means of bumming a ride on a horse carriage, grandly riding twenty-four of the miles, piling out near the Stadium and finishing on foot, the victors. The stink that followed didn't originate from the Parisian sewers.

Flipping the pages of the record book further, one comes across this rather prosaic entry:

OLYMPIC 400 Meters
1908 W. Halswelle—G. B. (Walkover) 50 s.

The rollicking happenings behind this prosaic line caused a riot at London's 1908 games. Besides King Edward VII, and sundry monocle-waving blue bloods, there was one of Britain's greatest crowds out to witness the finals of the 400-meter race.

In the crucial contest, there were three

FINLAND

Americans—John Taylor, W. C. Robbins and T. C. Carpenter. There was one Britisher—Lieutenant Wyndham Halswelle, of His Majesty's Guards. The spectators, still rankling from the surrender of Cornwallis, were screeching for Lieutenant Halswelle to run the damned Yankees into the cinders.

The four men crouched on their marks. They were set, coiled springs. And then, the pow of the starting gun! A speedy whirl of racing thinclads, arm to arm, leg to leg, straining over the first hundred meters. Then, suddenly, something happened among the Americans. It faintly resembled the old Notre Dame shift.

And as the four dash stars emerged from a fog, bewildered Lieutenant Halswelle was found to be in a bad way. The Notre Dame shift had done him no good. In front of him galloped American Robbins, beside him puffed American Taylor, behind him panted American Carpenter. The lieutenant was trapped in a pocket, and his chances of escaping unscathed were equal to those of an Alcatraz Island lifer.

Everything would have come off well for the Stars and Stripes except that one of the American runners, on the outside, suffered a sense of humor. He decided, on behalf of international good will, to further handicap the Englishman by cussing and blowing in his right ear, and elbowing him.

This did it. The English spectators, cockneys and lords alike, dropped their monacles, teacups and manners, and rushed out on the track. A hundred patriotic hands grabbed the joker, lifted him and deposited him somewhere on the infield. The two remaining Americans took one look at their manhandled comrade, decided they didn't want to cash in on their life insurance—and raced like mad for the finish. They would have broken the tape, won the race, but there was no tape to break. It had been confiscated by the English.

While half of London chased the two Yanks toward the Channel, the referee

Finland's great Nurmi, branded a professional and banned from the 1932 games

announced that since there had been no tape, well, there could really be no race.

But lo, no sooner the announcement, when Lieutenant Halswelle came jogging into the stretch. Without further ado, the spectators stretched the tape across the finish, and the gallant lieutenant obligingly broke it. The referee promptly announced him the winner!

Coach Mike Murphy of the American squad, already stricken with high blood pressure, violently charged at the referee, threatening to knock his block off unless he awarded the race to the Americans because of crowd interference.

The official compromised. "We'll run the bloomin' race over again tomorrow," he announced.

"Like hell we will!" barked Murphy. "My men were leading when the mob attacked them. They crossed the finish line first. We win today, or we don't show up tomorrow!"

And on the morrow, when the 400-meters was called, only one gent appeared on the cinderpath. He was the dignified Lieutenant Halswelle. At the cough of the gun he raced down the track by his lonesome to capture the 1908 championship in

that event in 50 seconds flat, while three Americans heckled him from the grandstand, and Coach Murphy wired Congress to send the Marines.

This same Olympic saw another hysteric incident, and that in the final event, the Marathon. The favorite was a wispy Italian named Dorando; the dark horse was copper-colored Tom Longboat, the phlegmatic Indian from Canada. The United States was represented by a New York City clothing store clerk, Johnny Hayes.

The Marathon began amid a confusion of Czechs, Swedes, French and assorted varieties—Dorando at the head of the varied-colored pack. Two hours and fifty minutes later, an eternity of torture to the runners, the leader came trudging into the Stadium. It was the slender Italian.

The English went wild for their favorite. "Dorando!" they roared. "Dorando!"

He smiled weakly, and pushed forward a few yards. He had only to circle the stadium track to complete the race. But he halted, swayed; his eyes were glassy. He stumbled (*Continued on page 44*)



Ray Barbuti, anchor man, winning the 1600-meter relay for America in 1928. In the 400-meter run his diving finish to win was something brand new



Drawing by Herbert Morton Stoops

LAUNCHING *the* LEGION

A TWENTY-YEAR FLASHBACK TO THE PARIS CAUCUS

By

ERIC FISHER
WOOD

AFTER the Armistice, all over the A. E. F., casual groups of soldiers began spontaneously to discuss the desirability of forming a veterans' organization of the World War. The same was true in the fortresses of our Navy.

Among others, four civilian officers—old friends from before the war reunited by chance in Paris late in January, 1919—argued the matter together.

It turned out, in the accidental course of subsequent meets, that this particular meeting was actually the genesis of The American Legion.

The four officers in question were Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Lieutenant Colonel George A. White, Lieutenant Colonel William J. Donovan, and Major Eric Fisher Wood. All of them had been line soldiers. Each of them had led battalions or regiments into action. In the aggregate, the four of them wore seven wound chevrons. Roosevelt and White were to become vitally important personalities in the development of the Legion.

These four, like so many of their comrades, perfectly agreed that in France and at this period a representative and all-inclusive veterans' organization ought in some way to be initiated. But at this first meeting the fundamental difficulties seemed insurmountable.

No all-inclusive organization could fairly be started except by assembling representative delegations in a convention or caucus at a predetermined time and in a centrally-located place. Even the Call for such a meeting could not properly be written and issued except by some reasonably representative group, meeting together in consultation.

But the units of the A. E. F. were isolated from each other not only by being scattered from the Rhine to the Mediterranean, but also by the particular barriers of military Regulations which discouraged traveling and visiting between units.

Leaves of absence were not a means of congregating together. For such leaves were few and far between; and, when granted, were seldom at a time or to a

place chosen by the particular soldiers most concerned. Even communication, between individuals in different units, was extremely slow and uncertain. The same basic difficulties applied equally to persons serving in the Navy.

Therefore, when in January, our four soldiers in Paris separated to return to their respective and widely-separated units, they were pessimistic as to immediate prospects.

Eric Fisher Wood was one of the founders of The American Legion, serving as Secretary of the "Temporary Committee of Twenty" which initiated the organization, and as Temporary Chairman, and Secretary, of the Paris Caucus. He was Secretary to the "Committee to Call the St. Louis Caucus," served as Secretary to that body when it convened, and was National Secretary of The American Legion from June, 1919, through the Minneapolis National Convention. It was at this convention that the title National Adjutant was given to the office which he had so capably filled. Colonel Wood is a member of Bedford (Pennsylvania) Post

But shortly afterwards, there occurred an incident—or accident—by means of which Roosevelt and White were able to open the door of opportunity.

During the winter White had been transferred from the command of a regiment, to become Chief Personnel Officer at G. H. Q. in Chaumont. And early in February Roosevelt happened to be a

visitor there. The two renewed the discussion previously held in Paris.

This particular period, early in 1919, was a time of discouragement and unhappiness in the A. E. F.—as all our comrades who served in Europe will well remember. The war was over; but we were still bogged down in a foreign land, thousands of sea miles from home. In military parlance, our morale was poor.

This situation was well known to General Pershing. He and his staff at G. H. Q. were groping for means to better the situation. Roosevelt and White, at G. H. Q., were asked for their opinions. That was the opening of the door of opportunity. They suggested the convening, at some centrally-located point, of a "Morale Conference" of civilian soldiers. This suggestion was taken under advisement—Roosevelt and White being directed to compile and submit a list of suitable individuals. A tentative suggestion, on their part, that enlisted men be included was disapproved.

White caused telegraphic orders to be issued for Donovan and Wood to come to Chaumont. Donovan, then with the Army of Occupation in Germany, did not receive his orders in time to comply; but Wood arrived next morning to join Roosevelt and White. The three of them together compiled a list of officers, partly from their own wide acquaintanceship in the A. E. F., and partly from the Personnel Records in White's office.

The persons on this list were selected with two considerations in mind—the first official, the second ulterior. The official motive was to obtain a group with qualifications to make it competent, at meetings convened by military order, to fulfill the "Morale Conference" mission prospectively assigned to it by G. H. Q. The ulterior motive was to secure a committee whose diversified representativeness would qualify it, at unofficial meetings during off-duty hours, to initiate a veterans' organization for all parts and units of the A. E. F.

The list, as originally compiled, contained thirty names. It included ten company officers. The name of Lieutenant Colonel Bennett C. Clark was



Major, later Lieutenant Colonel, Eric Fisher Wood, Divisional Intelligence Officer, 88th Division, flanked by Captains John Pirie and G. N. Nelson, Intelligence Officers of the 349th and 352d Infantry, respectively, against the background of a village near St. Mihiel

incorporated at Wood's suggestion; thereby, as it later turned out, first introducing into the picture another vitally important personality in the formation of the Legion. Wood and Clark had both been in the infantry, had each been transferred to the General Staff, and were then serving respectively as G2 and G1 of the 88th Division. They were buddies.

The list, when submitted, was approved—except that it was reduced to twenty officers, all of whom were of field grade but one (Captain Ogden Mills, who later became Secretary of the Treasury.) Special orders were issued by G. H. Q. directing these twenty officers to meet at the Army Y. M. C. A. in Paris on the morning of February 15th for conferences with senior generals from G. H. Q.

The "Morale Conference" met in official sessions through February 15th, 16th and 17th—at stated hours during the daytime.

Meanwhile, in their off-duty hours in the late afternoons and evenings, the twenty officers reassembled informally—choosing the nearby Inter-Allied Officers' Club as their meeting place.

They there devised The American Legion and became its founders.

They there developed a basic plan: To effectuate two large meetings, one in Paris in March for the A. E. F., and one in St. Louis in May for the home forces—as an intermediate step towards one great national convention to meet somewhere in the United States on Armistice

Day, 1919. The meetings at Paris and St. Louis were to be called "caucuses" to distinguish them from the ultimate "convention" of November, 1919.

They constituted themselves a committee—the "Temporary Committee of 20"—to call the Paris Caucus, and to initiate the St. Louis Caucus. As officers of this committee they chose Roosevelt as Chairman and Wood as Secretary (and ex-officio Vice-Chairman).

They agreed that each one of them, upon returning to his station, was to spread propaganda in his vicinity calculated to recruit delegates to the A. E. F. Caucus.

They decided that Roosevelt, as their leading spirit, had best return to the United States within two weeks to initiate timely arrangements for the St. Louis Caucus. Roosevelt could count on returning at his own choice because he had been badly wounded in the late summer, marked S. C. D. (Surgeon's Certificate, Disabled), and slated for immediate return to the States. He had avoided compliance, had continued until the Armistice to command an infantry regiment of the First Division—and had from the Surgeon-General's point of view no business being in France at all.

They also decided that the other nineteen should each and every one try to "gold-brick" his way home immediately after the Paris Caucus—in order to attempt also to be present at St. Louis, and there help harmonize the proceedings of

the two meetings. Ten of them actually did succeed in attending both of the gatherings.

They organized an office in Paris as a clearing house for the promotion of the A. E. F. Caucus.

Their detailed plans are best outlined in the "Call for the Paris Caucus," (see page 56), composed by Wood, edited by Clark, mimeographed and mailed with the help of their associates in the 88th Division staff under the supervision of Warrant Officer Edward L. Bladel, and which is the first public document in the Legion's history.

However, one vitally important event was accomplished subsequent to February 17th, and before the actual issuance of the Call.

There was no likelihood that delegates to the Caucus would be able to obtain leaves of absence for the desired dates—or that they would be permitted to go to Paris. In other words the same barrier faced the prospective delegates that had originally seemed to debar the convening of a smaller, representative committee.

Roosevelt and White overcame this apparently hopeless obstacle in a series of interviews at G. H. Q. Ultimately they succeeded in winning the sympathetic coöperation of General Van Horn Moseley and General Dennis Nolan, respectively G4 and G2 of G. H. Q., both of whom had attended the Morale Conference. The ultimate result was the issuance of the following historic telegraphic order:

Chaumont

To C. G. 1st (2d, 3d) Army.

M495. Notify your division and other commanders that requests of officers for leave to visit Paris to attend committee meeting called by Major Wood for March 15th should be granted.

(signed) *Davis

Enlisted men were not mentioned in this order. In fact, all early attempts to include them were fraught with difficulties. Nevertheless a great many eventually attended. Some traveled as nominal "orderlies" to officers—in one case a senior non-com of the old Regular Army as the pretended orderly of a shavetail.

On the morning of March 15th about 1000 "delegates" arrived in Paris from all over the A. E. F. The first order of business was registration—and that validation of travel orders which was a military necessity.

Validation was completed about 1:30 P. M.—and about 600 of the delegates "haven't been seen since." The latter evidently considered that there were better things to do in Paris than attend a Caucus. The extent of the "casualties" may be gauged by examining the accompanying photograph, taken shortly after the first session convened at 2:55 P. M. in the Cirque de Paris—which was capable of seating 1000 or 1200.

The actual work of the sessions was

*Brigadier General Robert C. Davis, Adjutant General of the A. E. F.

carried on by about 400 "delegates." The Navy was represented by several gobs, on leave in Paris, who were hauled off the sidewalks by sergeants-at-arms and impressed into the Caucus.

Roosevelt, in accordance with the plans made in February, had succeeded in returning to the United States. Wood, as the only remaining officer of the Committee of 20, acted as temporary chairman to call the meeting to order.

He read a "key-note speech," which he had drafted and submitted to the editorial comments of White and Clark, excerpts from which are as follows:

"We [the Committee] discussed . . . the various steps which would be incidental to the formation of an Association of Veterans. We noted that several previous attempts had failed, either because the initiators had some personal ambition in view, or because they were insufficiently representative of all classes and units of the Army. Several attempts failed because the initial membership was

projected for next November, which being a duly elected assembly, will alone be competent to decide matters of policy * * * *

"In conclusion it might be well to add that it very early occurred to the Temporary Committee that a single Caucus held in France would not be sufficient to solve the problem, because many troops have already returned to America and many other troops were denied the privilege of coming to France to fight the Germans. It, therefore, has already taken the liberty of initiating steps to call a similar caucus a month or two hence in America; to be attended by officers and men representative of the troops now in the States * * * *

"So let us go to work. Let us try to take steps towards cementing the ties of comradeship we have formed in the service, and towards preserving the principles of Freedom and Democracy which we have defended. The first order of business appears to be the selection of

quent meeting, Clark suggested that Lieutenant Colonel Thomas W. Miller act as Vice-Chairman; and there being no opposition, Miller became Vice-Chairman and presided during several absences by Clark from the platform.

The meetings continued during three days, March 15th, 16th, and 17th.

The name "American Legion" was adopted.

The following purposes were approved. That "We, the members of the Military and Naval Services of the United States of America in the Great War desiring to perpetuate the principles of Justice, Freedom and Democracy for which we have fought; to inculcate the duty and obligation of the citizen to the State; to preserve the history and incidents of our participation in the war; and to cement the ties of comradeship formed in the service, do propose to found and establish an Association for the furtherance of the foregoing purposes. Those eligible to membership shall be: All officers and en-



limited to one unit, or to one section of the country, or to one transversal stratum of the A. E. F.; as for instance, one movement for an organization to be composed solely of officers * * * *

"It is distinctly the opinion of the Temporary Committee that neither it nor this Caucus would be competent to decide any definite . . . policies for the complete and final government of the organization. The Temporary Committee feel that all such matters . . . should be deferred for decision by the Convention

History in the making: The Paris Caucus that organized The American Legion, in the Cirque de Paris, March 15, 1919. The sessions continued through March 17th

a chairman—and in this connection I beg leave to state that I am not a candidate for that position."

The Caucus then organized, with Clark as Chairman, Wood as Secretary, and Bladel as Assistant Secretary. At a subse-

listed personnel in the Military and Naval Services . . . at any time during the period from April 6th, 1917, until November 11th, 1918, both inclusive; excepting however, persons leaving the service without an honorable discharge or persons who having been called into the service refused, failed, or attempted to evade the full performance of such service. The society shall consist of a national organization with subsidiary branches: One for each State, Territory, the District of (Continued on page 56)



A BIG STICK

BY FREDERICK



THE weather man forecasts the weather for a day or two, and is not always right.

Suppose you had the power to foretell the weather for a year, and you could pencil the exact date on the calendar when the next hurricane or flood would hit the United States, and where.

Suppose you could foretell for a year what bills Congress would pass, what national and international crises we should have to face, whether business would boom or slump, whether there would be fewer jobs with less pay or more jobs with better pay, peace over the world or what new wars would break out and where, and whether they would lead to another world war.

Then you need not worry about your personal future. You could pay cash for the finest set of furs in any store window and they would not be good enough for your wife, and you could splurge on everything.

You would be the most sought-after man in the world. The national chairmen of the political parties would be rushing

a wait-for-me call to you on the long distance and then dashing by plane to reach you. You would not be met at the door of the White House by an usher but by the President himself as he let a Cabinet meeting wait.

The head of every big nation from London to Moscow, and then on to Tokyo, would be ready to hang both a breast plate and a stomacher of jeweled decorations on you and let you name your own sum on a check on the national treasury—for the monopoly of your inside dope.

Great corporations would seek to hire you at an enormous salary, with the whole floor of a skyscraper for your luxurious suite of offices. Multi-millionaire speculators would back you for exclusive tips which would lead to fabulous killings on the various stock exchanges.

There would be plush cushions—gold-braided if you preferred—on the chairs of your free box at all major league ball games in return for previous information as to the pennant winner, or whether Bill Lee would be as good this year as last, if Hubbell's arm would be right again, if Bob Feller would get over his wildness, if Connie Mack would pick up a couple of wonder pitchers off the sand lots who would hoist his Athletics out of the ruck and into a world's championship—as Connie has done on a couple of occasions. And you could buy in the tickets which were sure to win the Irish Sweepstakes and the Grand National.

Then while your bank account mounted, your private secretaries would shepherd the besieging crowds of newspaper and camera men, and, in answer

to the press of invitations, make it clear that, friendly as was your nature, you could not attend twenty banquets and receptions and talk over the radio five times on the same day.

But what a laugh would greet—more of a laugh than the ground hog fans get from the professors of meteorology—anyone who set himself up for such an infallible prophet. In a week his record of miscasts would bust him as a seer.

What we do know is that we shall have more big winds and floods, more hot discussions in Congress over what bills to pass, more national and international crises, as we always have had, and we shall have to take the ups and downs of business and unemployment as they come.

ALL these are wrapped up in the causes of war. And there is every sign that we shall have more wars. One is proceeding at this writing in Spain and another in China just as a reminder that the precedent still holds.

We like to listen to prophets if they are entertaining, but our faith in them goes out the window when they call the turn wrong. Anyone with a hunch can play it, but we are disinclined to string along with him, especially after failure of his judgment has cost him his shirt.

I take it for granted that the Olympic champion knows more about skating than I do and that a professional baseball manager who has sized up all the teams can pick the winner better than anyone who sees an occasional game and supple-



for UNCLE PALMER

Decoration by
WILLIAM HEASLIP

ments his knowledge with a look into a crystal ball.

What a joke a house would be if built by men with no training or experience in house building, in place of men who had both training and experience as carpenters, masons, plumbers and plasterers! What a joke of an automobile these experts would build if they took the place of men used to building cars! And the novices could not escape the record of the parodies they had produced.

We take or do not take an umbrella with us when we leave home in the morning, after reading the weather report, because the weather man is a trained expert with a lot of experience of the weather. He is not always right, but he is oftener right than grandfather's squint to the nor'-nor'-east or his feel of the "rheumatiz" that was coming on in his bones.

By the same token, who is the expert in war? Is it the man who has never made any salute except the wave of a hand in a good morning greeting, and knows war only by what he has read and heard about it?

Hardly. The expert is the war veteran. It was in his country's uniform that the Legionnaire saluted the flag and his country. He has known the steel harness of military discipline, kept his oath to go where he was sent in any detail as long as his country needed him by land or sea, offered his life in war's risk and hardship. He knows war by hard training, and is steeped in it by experience on the drill ground, on the march and in battle.

Aside from whether he has a business of his own, a job, or is looking for a job, he is an expert in war and in peace, just as the weather man is in the weather, the house builder in house building, the steamshovel man in excavation or the judge in law or the doctor in medicine. In the Legion we have a great body of such experts.

I recall General Pershing saying to me after he had reviewed a Legion parade which kindled great memories for him:

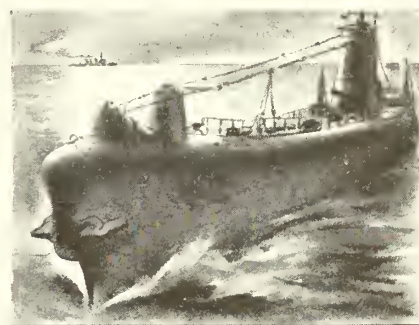
"They know war. They're for preparedness. They know how to keep the peace."

No one has ever spoken more telling words for peace than he did in that one instance, with his authority and prestige as the spearhead of our victory in France.

There is his record for two years in France as the expert commander who knew his job and unflinchingly did it. There is The American Legion's record for twenty years. That is its test against that of the soothsayers, the ground hog fans, the dreamers and the crystal ball gazers.

NEVER has the Legion's policy been so well vindicated, never have we had so mighty and unanswerable reasons for being proud as a great company of experts as in this year 1939 when dark clouds overshadow the world with the threat that any day they may discharge their lightnings.

It is time we called out the Legion bands to celebrate a justified "I told you so" triumph in celebration of the honor due us as prophets in our own country. We have had a larger part in our present preparedness and the increased prepared-



ness for the coming year than most Legionnaires realize. Uncle Sam has at last caught up with the Legion and its advocacy of the first Theodore Roosevelt's proposal to "speak softly, but carry a big stick."

Look back to how national convention after national convention of The American Legion has stood consistently for preparedness when we knew what we were talking about. Consider all the arguments against our policy by those who had found a new recipe to end war forever—all the pseudo idealists who did not know what they were talking about.

One of their favorite ways of dismissing our pleas was that having been in a war we wanted the country to get into another. We would promote the war business just as inevitably as soap makers would promote the soap business. Men who had not been in the war thought that the very fact that we had formed an association in memory of our service meant that we were glorifying war—and to glorify war was to bring on another war.

Men who had had no experience of war preached to (Continued on page 12)

Let's make it AGAIN a LAND



GOING THE INDIAN ONE BETTER

BY JAY N. DARLING

President, National Wildlife Federation

IN A world darkened by war clouds, torn by prejudice and shaken by fear, we of the United States have been inclined to regard ourselves as set apart, beset by none of the tragic problems confronting other nations.

But the moment we contemplate these problems and their origin, we discover that we are not immune. We learn that internal disorder and the threat of war follow close upon the exhaustion of natural resources. In the countries from which are coming invading armies and threats of further aggression, the pressure of population upon the facilities for living grows more critical month by month.

In the nineteenth century the popula-

tion of the world, which had for centuries been almost at a standstill, doubled under the impetus of invention and industrial development. The inroads upon sustaining resources were terrific. The last frontiers vanished in the United States in the twentieth century. By 1960 the upward curve of population in this country will cross the downward curve of tillable soil until we have just three acres of productive earth per capita, and that is the barren minimum for anything resembling our present standard of living.

In 1900 we had 25 acres per capita; in 1930, 15.5 acres, and there are whole communities that have retreated from the land because the soil has become ex-

hausted, and that are now dependent wholly on public funds for their support.

Not only has the soil in many areas been abused until it can no longer provide a livelihood for men, with their wives and children, but the waters of our coasts and of inland waters, that for generations have been among the best and cheapest sources of foods nature has given us, are no longer yielding wealth and employment.

Precisely how many people are now directly or indirectly, wholly or in part, dependent on public aid in this country might be difficult to ascertain. The total is appalling, not only from the viewpoint of economics, but in terms of damage to fundamental human values.

Yet had we been content, during the past two generations, to harvest the annual surplus of forest, water and land; to live on dividends instead of destroying our capital reserves, millions would now be largely independent of business and industrial ups and downs.

Those who berate industry for its failure to employ all the idle labor overlook completely the fact that our once free lands took care of our surplus of hungry inhabitants. Industry has not changed so much. It is our "Lost Horizon" of natural resources—land, water and timber—which has thrown a social problem into our laps and our whole



Jay N. (Ding) Darling, cartoonist extraordinary and conservationist militant. The drawings on these pages are Ding at his glorious best

political structure into chaos and mystified our so-called social philosophers who apparently never heard of the word "Conservation."

O' PLENTY

When any portion of any nation's population goes continuously hungry there comes social unrest and political upheaval. Our natural resources have always been our "life insurance policy," but we've come to the vanishing point of our great endowment of forests, fish, game, water, and soil. The pressure of our political and social problems no longer has a safety valve of virgin lands to absorb the expanding population. We have been here only three hundred years and have used up our frontiers. Our social upheavals will grow worse as the margin of natural resources decreases.

It is strange that our political philosophers cannot see the troubled pathway of civilization so clearly blazed in history and note the deserts that mark the places where man has lived the longest.

Eighty-five percent of our original timber resources are gone. In New York

and in Chicago conferences were recently held to consider the crisis affecting commercial fisheries of the eastern United States. Sponsored by the Council of State Governments, the New York conference was attended by representatives of fourteen States on the Atlantic seaboard. In Chicago were gathered officials from the eight States bordering the Great Lakes and from the Dominion of Canada. The State Department of our Government and the United States Bureau of Fisheries were represented. The record of destruction read into the proceedings of those conferences is well exemplified in the story of the herring of Lake Erie. In 1918 the total catch was 35,000,000 pounds. Precisely ten years later it was 600,000. The whitefish and trout are so nearly extinct that they are far down on the list of species in commercial importance. In recent years the

catch of Great Lakes fish, in many areas, consists of immature fish, too small for human consumption, which are frozen and shipped to fur ranches.

Salmon from the Connecticut River once brought a revenue of over one million dollars a year, but now that river is hardly more than a commercial sewer. In fact, there used to be a valuable run of salmon in all the rivers of the Atlantic Coast north of the Connecticut. There are none now.

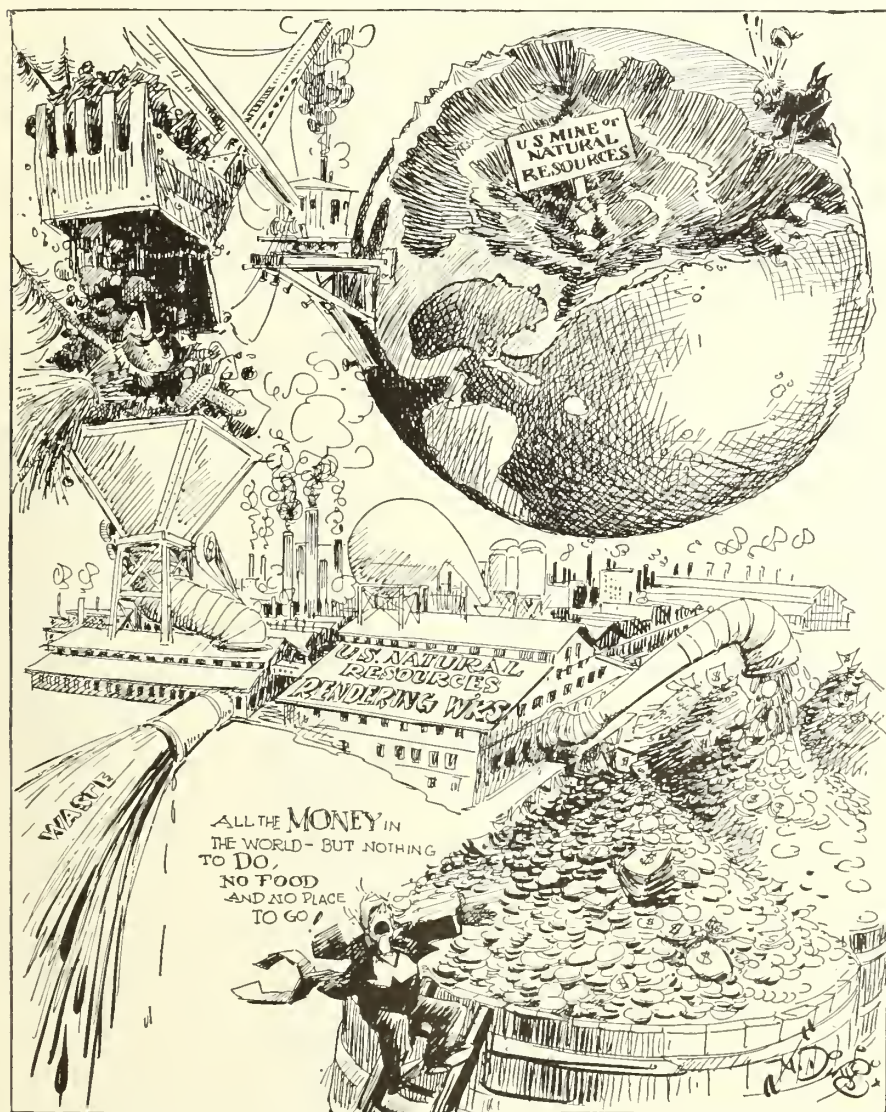
The Pacific salmon (the one you usually get out of a can on Thursday nights) has disappeared from all the rivers south of the Columbia River, and it is only a question of time when it will be gone from that region. More thousands of families losing their livelihood!

It is not a case of "wake up and live," but wake up or you won't live. And it isn't as though the answers weren't at hand. The vital question is, where is the staff of life coming from in sufficient abundance for our grandchildren and great grandchildren if we continue to abuse the privilege of living on nature's dole?

Only by comparing the remaining resources of this continent now with the stock of nature's goods found here 200 years ago can we realize the extent of our wasteful squandering. We, to whom the continent looks opulent today, should have seen it even sixty years ago, when tremendous stretches of great forests still stood uncut; when a tremendous acreage of unplowed land remained to be settled by those who were hungry and unemployed; when rivers and lakes yielded their annual harvest of food, employment, and income; when the marshes and prairies abounded in fur-bearing animals, wild duck, turkey, geese, deer, bison—all sustaining resources for hungry man. Grass lands stretched from the Mississippi west to the Rocky Mountains, and the neighboring waters of the sea were reservoirs of food in the form of fish, crabs, clams, oysters, and waterfowl.

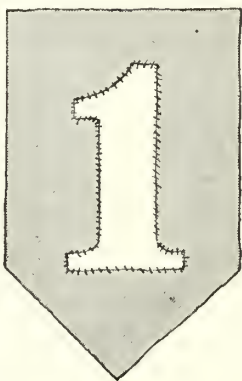
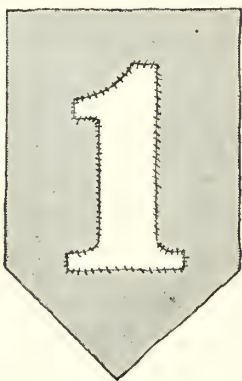
The grass lands are gone and in their places are dust bowls where man can no longer live. We import our furs, where once we supplied the world with mink, otter, beaver, and the seemingly endless supply of heavy leather from the buffalo and elk herds. As to tillable soils and forests, we have come to the end of the trail. There are no longer new lands to be settled. Man has taken over the last tillable acres of farm and grazing lands, and there is no place to send our surplus population, except to the relief agencies.

So much for the threat of continuing on our present wasteful course. How shall we avoid a (Continued on page 57)



YOU NEVER MISS THE WATER TILL THE WELL RUNS DRY

SUMMERALL



ON A wild, wet night in July, 1918, the men of the First Division lay in fox-holes along an uncertain front. They had attacked that morning, in company with the French Marocs and the Second Division, winning every objective; they were to attack again on the morrow, and as they tried to get some rest were roused by a voice booming at them from the dark. "Gentlemen," it said in accents of unmistakable sincerity and religious faith, "with God's help we will take Berzy-le-Sec tomorrow! Gentlemen, with God's help—" and then, as the owner of the voice unexpectedly landed on his ear in a shell-hole, "※?*\$※?!%?*\$※※*\$※?※!!!!!" in a blast that would have made a Missouri mule-skinner's hair curl.

The men in the fox-holes chuckled. "The old man's in good form." There was only one voice in the world that could achieve such a combination of faith and fury; and they all knew it belonged to a general of Division, probably the only divisional leader in the world who would go stumbling through the dark to encourage his troops in such a fashion—Charles Pelot Summerall.

All his life he has been combining the sacred and profane the way he did that night. As a boy he wanted to be a bishop, but turned out a bombardier; as a young man he went to West Point in preparation for a career in the church, and read theology before becoming an army officer; and today, a retired full general, he combines the presidency of a military college with the utterly unrelated hobby of being an authority on church music.

It takes such a combination to explain some of the unpredictable and startling incidents in a career that has left everybody wondering what to expect next. For instance, there was the incident down on the Toul sector, when as a brigadier of artillery he was inspecting battery positions on a winter night.

"Any drinking in your command?" he asked a battery officer.

"Some drinking, sir, but no drunkenness," was the reply and the words were hardly out before the door of the mess-shack popped open, and out came

BY FLETCHER
PRATT

the battery cook, loaded to the eyeballs, to stagger over to the command group, regard Summerall with owlish gravity, and then, ejaculating, "My old captain from the Philippines!" collapse face down in the snow.

You might expect an explosion; everybody did. Instead Summerall picked up the prostrate veteran, brushed him off a little and handed him over to a staff man with orders to put the cook in the guardhouse for three days and then make him headquarters chef.

That was how General Summerall got the cook who later became famous for the wonderful things he could do with an old boot and a couple of carrots; and his treatment of the cook is one of the reasons why a good way of getting your head punched today is to suggest to a First Division man that Summerall was less than the best officer in the world.

BUT it is also getting away from the main point, which is how Summerall got that way. He started on the road to generalship in a peculiar fashion. Brought up in Florida during the Reconstruction period, he wished to enter the Episcopal church, and during his pre-college days won himself a scholarship at Hobart College, in Geneva in western New York State, which then rather specialized in preparing students for the divinity degree. But the scholarship covered only tuition bills, and during Reconstruction there was hardly enough money in the whole State of Florida to pay the living expenses of a young man in New York.

Someone suggested a brilliant solution—why shouldn't young Summerall take one of the West Point appointments then going begging, get two, three or maybe four years of education at the Government's expense and then switch to the church later? It was done.

This was probably the first time in its history that the U. S. Military Academy had been treated as a pre-divinity school, and judging by the success of the experiment, it will probably be the last. The future general liked West Point; and when he was graduated, he felt he owed Uncle Sam some service in return for his education, so instead of entering the church at the end of his course, he went into the Fifth Artillery.

HE WAS still with the famous Reilly's Battery of that regiment when ordered on active service for the first time, in the Philippine Insurrection. There General Bullard, later to be his close friend and great booster, saw him for the first time during a battle, "a fresh-faced little man, pacing up and down on the firing line while everyone else kept under cover." The shots fired at the young artilleryman missed him; and in Bullard's opinion, it was his willingness to be shot at that made the subsequent infantry charge a success.

Young Summerall soon tried the same trick again under far more spectacular circumstances. His battery was one of the units sent from the Philippines to China for the Boxer Rebellion troubles. It arrived just in time for the attack on the famous Forbidden City, before whose age-old walls and huge gates the advance came to a halt. Against anything like reasonable numbers of occidentals the Chinese stood no chance; but the numbers were not even reasonably equal, about two or three hundred to one in favor of the Boxers, who had well earned their reputation for torturing prisoners and committing other forms of frightfulness. The attackers began to waver and their guns to miss; but at this moment up jumps Captain Summerall, runs through the storm of bullets to the gate of the Forbidden City, and on it chalks



a huge cross as an aiming point. His gunners set their sights on it and opened up; down went the gates, in went the storming column, and the place was won.

Summerall received the Certificate of Merit, then the only military award short of the Medal of Honor, but he was not prominently heard from again till after the World War had begun. In the interval he had been engaged in a series of routine service assignments, mainly with the artillery, had been reading theology for recreation and the lives of generals for professional improvement. By 1916 he was a junior colonel, in charge of the field artillery activities of the Militia Bureau, and in that capacity was named recorder of a board appointed to consider United States artillery organization in the light of what was going on across the pond.

HE WROTE the board's report. It was pretty complicated stuff, but when the big-wigs around Washington got the drift of it they began chewing nails, for this junior American colonel boldly said that all the generals in Europe were handling their artillery wrong. In essence he said that they were proportioning the guns in action to the number of men, trying to arrange that every man should have a shell-burst a few yards in front of him at any given moment during an attack.

Summerall remarked that a shell-burst was precious little protection if the enemy happened to be shooting at you. He wanted cannon enough behind every attack to put out the enemy's guns—big guns and machine-guns alike. Therefore, in an attack the number of guns should be proportioned to what the enemy had on the front and how they had the place organized. Therefore each Division should have a certain small amount of artillery, but the Corps and Army commands should have a lot more, and should push it into position to support every attack. Therefore also, as long as the artillery remained stationary, as most of it had so far, all offensives would be nibbling offensives, costly in blood and ammunition; the guns must get themselves legs, wheels or stilts and wade right in with the advancing infantry.

THE report got itself adopted and Summerall's name was mud with a lot of people. For about a year he was so unpopular he would hardly speak to himself on the street, but toward the close of that year we were in the war and there was a place for every officer, popular or not. Summerall's place was the command of the artillery brigade of the newly-organized 42d or Rainbow Division of the National Guard. The traces of what his report did to some people's feelings can be seen in the fact that several officers junior to him received divisional commands.

The history of what went on behind the scenes at (Continued on page 40)

No TRUCK DRIVERS

By
FAIRFAX
DOWNEY

Illustration by J. W. Schlaikjer

THERE never was, there just couldn't be, a more magnificent artillery position than my battery drew, first time into the line, in March, 1918. The French had wrought it. Given time and leisure—and both had been available in this long-quiet sector east of Verdun—the frogs knew how to make a ward comfortable and even de luxe.

Turf-covered, wooden-floored emplacements for our .75's, complete with shell racks, blackboards for firing data, and dugouts for gun squads. A battery commander's dugout of two rooms; one his sleeping quarters, the other used for the officers' mess. A lieutenants' dugout; bunks were bottomed with wire mesh, and some craftsman had done some neat wood carving on their sides. An ammunition dugout, hewn deep in solid rock and topped by steel rails and corrugated iron, and a telephone-kitchen dugout. Not only were the dugouts connected by phone; there were heavy bell-pull wires which ran from the barrage lookout's post. When he sighted a rocket, he jerked all the wires. Down in every dugout a raucous cowbell jangled, and the troops sprang to arms.

All paths in that beautiful battery position, including those to the palatial latrines, were bordered with waist-high wire and camouflaged overhead. There was even, believe it or not, a trim little chapel in a tar-paper shack in the woods to the rear, and flower beds to supply decorations for the altar.

True, electric lights and hot and cold running water had been neglected. Neither was there any bar, and passes to Paris didn't grow on the trees. Still you couldn't have everything. *C'est la guerre.*

Yet that paragon of positions was the setting for the grimmest minutes I passed in the war, minutes for which our friends, the enemy, were only indirectly responsible, minutes which no Boche hostilities later ever matched for me.

For several nights those cowbells had been jangling, as barrage rockets soared into the sky. The infantry wanted service, and the battery gave it promptly and efficiently, I trust, despite some fairly

lively counter-battery, H.E. and gas. Though we had escaped casualties so far, we felt dragged out and weary when we turned in after the third night of it, hoping nobody would start anything too bright and early next morning.

No luck. The field telephone by my bunk jingled. The captain's voice ordered me to come over to his dugout and figure the meteorological data.

A TRUE SHORT SHORT STORY

"Right away, sir?" Not the right answer from a trusty lieutenant, but I was so dead tired I thought a few air currents could wait.

The phone erupted in my ear. "You're blank-dashed right, right away!"

Not at all like the B.C., that. A fine officer, a good man to serve under. He had kept me as his executive, though I didn't rank it. Now here he was cussing me up and down. Well, he had looked white and strained lately. The responsibility of commanding a battery of field artillery is no light matter for any man, and the captain was conscientious and high strung; he took it hard. As for that bawling out, I had more or less asked for it.

Boots, tunic, and tin hat, I stumbled sleepily over to the B.C.'s dugout and down the neat stairs. Sore at being sworn at, I saluted, stiff and military-like. "Sir, Lieutenant Downey reports as ordered."

The captain lay in his bunk and muttered. His six-foot, two-inch frame twitched under the blankets. Certainly he looked ill. His face was pallid, and his

eyes rolled, showing a lot of the whites. "Headquarters called me up early this morning," he mumbled. "Wanted to know if we had any truck drivers in the battery."

So that was it. HQ might have shown some decent consideration for a battery that had been shooting barrages all night, enough of it anyway to defer a questionnaire on truck drivers. What were they in the life of an outfit that was horse-drawn and proud of it?

"Truck drivers!" the captain sneered. "We have no truck drivers. I'm not a truck driver. You're not a truck driver, either, are you?"

He laughed loudly, wildly. I laughed, too, as one does at one's superior officer's jokes. But my laugh was a bit hollow.

"No truck drivers!" he shouted. "What's more, if that double-dashed, triple-tongued, illegitimate adjutant comes over here looking for any truck drivers, by God I'll shoot him!"

A hand, at once strong and delicate, the hand of a pianist, darted down to the holster, always kept in his bunk at night—whipped out the army automatic—held it at the ready.

"What's more," said the captain hoarsely, "if you don't get out of here, I'll shoot you, Fax!"

First name and no particular hard feelings, but sort of ominously purposeful. The pistol hammer clicked, cocked.

"Captain," I urged, trying to keep my voice steady, "you're tired. Go to sleep. I'll take over the battery. Now put that gun down and"—

"No! By God, I mean it! Get out of here or I'll shoot you!"

The blue-black steel barrel swung

St. Downey acted as executive, for six months, in the battery of which I had command. In that capacity he showed coolness in action

This is what he wrote

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

toward me. I looked into the round, black, wicked, unwinking little eye we call the muzzle under calmer circumstances. I suppose a bird facing the baleful gaze of a snake feels the way I did. I don't know how long I stood there, sort of frozen, staring into that eye, knowing there was death in it.

At last I wrenched my eyes away from it. They traveled past the finger crooked around the trigger, up the arm to the white mask which had been the face of a friend but now was the face of a crazy man. Out of the corner of the mouth

dugout echoed a shout of "No truck drivers!" and a peal of maniacal laughter.

Then I was back in my own dugout, buckling on my web belt, jerking back the slide of my own automatic, loading it. If there was going to be some shooting, I'd rather have it a duel than just act as a target. My brother and the other lieutenant watched me sleepily.

"Get up!" I told them tensely. "The captain's shellshocked. He pulled his gun on me. He was going to shoot me."

They laughed merrily, then stopped abruptly as they saw my face. Turning

timer for a youngster whose nerves and imagination have run away with him.

"Well now, lieutenant," proposed the major, "s'pose you-all step down there and tell the captain to come on up heah. I want to see him."

"Major," I answered. "I've been down there once. If I've got to go again, I'm going with my gun out and I'm afraid there'll be trouble."

"Well, now"—the major began. But a burst of that terrifying, high-pitched, crazy laughter interrupted him, followed by mumbling, chuckling, and cussing.



"I don't know how long I stood there, sort of frozen"

came the order again: "Get out of here!"

For an instant I thought of going on trying to argue him out of it. Then I wondered whether I'd salute. No, if I brought my hand up, he might shoot.

"Very good, sir," I said, faced about and started out. Slowly now, you, I ordered myself, scared stiff though you are. Make a break for it, and you're gone. Walk, not run, to the nearest exit.

It was only a few steps, but it was the longest hike I ever took. Shivers chased up and down a back that could feel seven .45 slugs plowing into it. I got up the steps and out into the air. Down in the

out, they mounted an apprehensive guard over the B.C.'s dugout, listening to that wild laughter. I got the Battalion Commander on the phone, telling him the story, asking him to come at once and bring the surgeon. Incredulous at first, the major finally said he'd come.

They arrived and joined the guard mount outside the dugout. The major, a big Southerner, a first-rate officer, regarded me quizzically.

"Well now, lieutenant, what's all this? What goes on heah?"

I repeated my story earnestly. He heard me, with the tolerance of an old-

The major subsided. He called out. No answer from below, only the laughter. We all stood rooted. There seemed to be no volunteers.

"Sir." The captain's striker stood at my elbow, a little, sandy-haired Scotchman. "I'll go," he offered. "I'll take the captain's breakfast down to him."

And the lad did just that. If memory serves after these years, that soldier's name was Cochran. Anyone who, armed only with a breakfast tray, faces an armed crazy man, certainly should have a medal for gallantry.

On edge, we (Continued on page 53)

REFERENDUM FOLLIES

BILLS and resolutions introduced during the opening days of the 76th Congress were at flood stage—Congress apparently believing “there ought to be a law.” Within the first ten days there were 3,000 thrown into the hopper to commence their journey through the legislative mill, some to become laws, others to fall by the wayside. Prominent among these were Joint Resolutions calling for an amendment to the Federal Constitution which would require a national referendum before Congress could declare war, also appropriate legislation to take care of our national defense needs. Congress is losing little time in attacking the major problems. Funds to provide for relief needs up until July first next, received preferential treatment, having passed the House on January 13th.

That a determined effort was to be made to attempt to drive through the so-called Ludlow Amendment, providing for a national referendum before war could be declared, early in this first session of the present Congress, was indicated by the massing of the forces of the advocates. During the first few weeks of its existence, Congress had before it five such proposals, two in the Senate and three in the House.

For several years resolutions providing for a popular referendum on war have been appearing in the Senate and House without receiving any particular attention. On January 14, 1935, however, Congressman Ludlow introduced House Joint Resolution 167 for an amendment to the Constitution of the United States providing that, except in the case of invasion, the authority of Congress to declare war should not become effective until confirmed by a majority vote in a nation-wide referendum.

“Peace” organizations got behind this bill and began an active campaign for its support. It was referred to the House Committee on the Judiciary and on June 19, 1935, a sub-committee of that committee held a hearing at which proponents of the resolution were heard. No action was taken during the 74th Congress and the resolution died. Most of the attention of the “peace” societies during that period was centered on the neutrality legislation and no concerted effort was made by them in behalf of the Ludlow Resolution in 1935 and 1936.

By

**JOHN THOMAS
TAYLOR**

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THE AMERICAN LEGION*

Again on February 5, 1937, Congressman Ludlow presented his resolution and it was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. When the committee failed to act, Congressman Ludlow began circulating among the members of the House a petition to discharge the committee from consideration of the resolution. Such a petition to discharge must be signed by a majority of the members, or 218. On December 14, 1937, Representative Ludlow obtained the 218th signature on his petition which, accompanied by a resolution for the discharge of the committee, was filed with the Clerk of the House. This, of course, occurred during the special session of Congress and under the rules of the House a motion to discharge may not be made until the Monday falling two weeks or more after the necessary number of signatures has been obtained.

However, it was not until the third session of the 75th Congress that the matter reached a vote. On January 10, 1938, Congressman Ludlow was recognized by the Speaker of the House to call up his resolution to discharge the Committee on Judiciary and also the Committee on Rules from consideration of the war referendum resolution. After a brief debate, during which a letter from the President and a telegram from Daniel J. Doherty, at the time National Commander of The American Legion, were read, the House defeated the motion to discharge by a vote of 209 to 188, with thirty members not voting, four voting “present” and sixteen paired.

The success attained by Congressman Ludlow in obtaining signatures to his petition, also the 188 members of the House voting for the discharge of the committee, are not correctly indicative of the votes that would have been obtained on the merits of the resolution

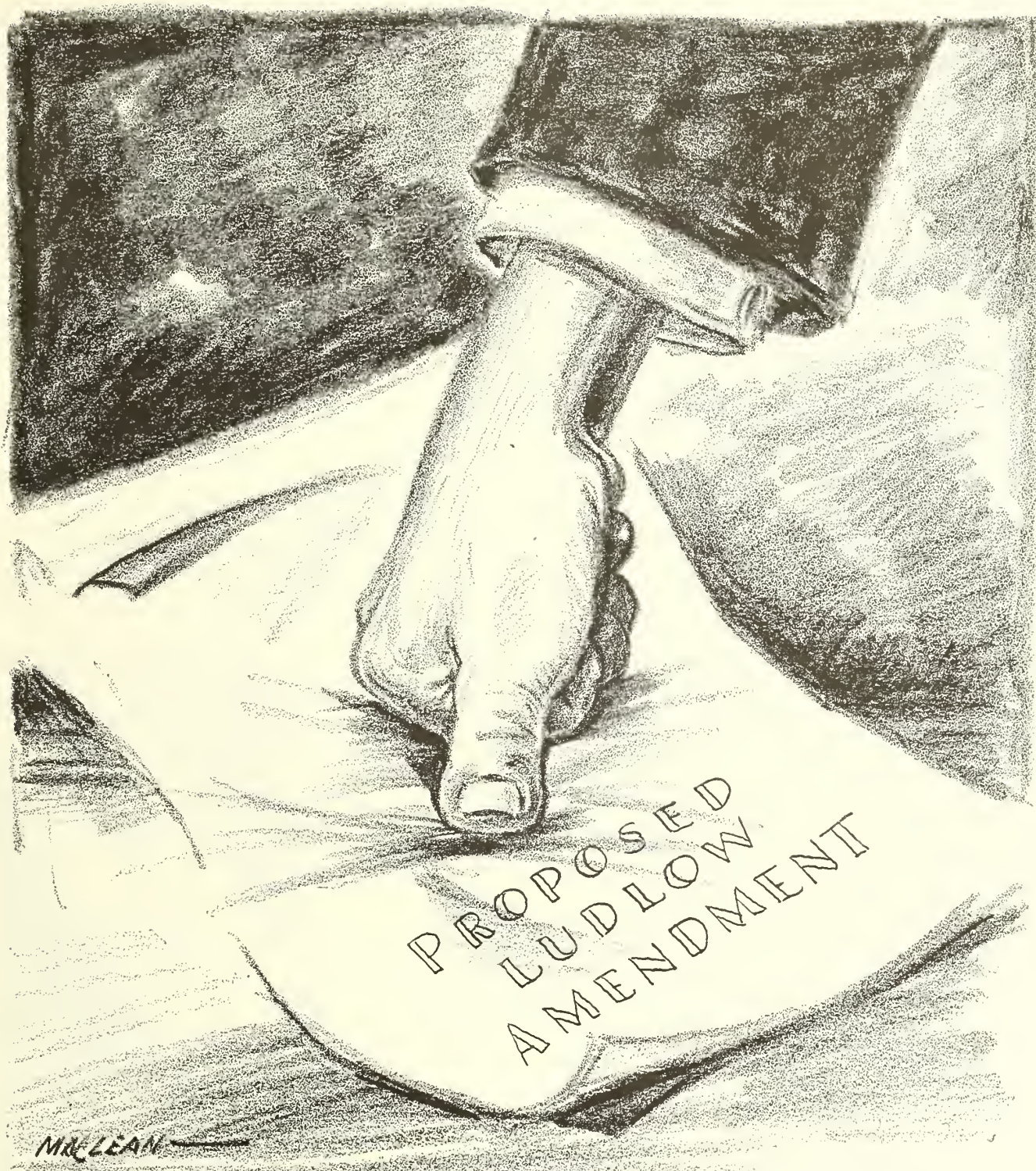
itself. While the elections of last November changed the House membership in many respects, many who signed the petition and many others who opposed it are still serving. There are Congressmen who make it a policy to sign petitions to discharge a committee from further consideration of a bill or resolution simply to allow it to come to a vote on the floor.

And still other members, during the 75th Congress, voted for the discharge petition simply to please constituents who thought it ought to come to a vote—some of these same members may quite possibly have voted against the resolution itself when that stage was reached. Still others signed the petition and voted for the discharge of the committee in the hope that this action would result in a free and open discussion of this nation's foreign policy.

It was the thought of these particular members that a discussion of the Ludlow Amendment on the floor of the House and on the floor of the Senate would result in some of this information being divulged. After the defeat of the motion to discharge the committee, proponents of the Ludlow Amendment announced they would commence a nation-wide campaign for its passage during the 76th Congress. Apparently the start is being made with early introduction of these proposals.

“Be it resolved by The American Legion in National Convention assembled at Los Angeles, California, that we oppose any change in the present method as provided in the Constitution of the United States relative to the declaration of war”

The provisions of the Ludlow Amendment have a popular appeal to the ordinary citizen. Without giving it thorough study he is apt to say, “Certainly. Why



"Does any other nation of any consequence have such a provision frozen into its basic statutes? . . . The answer, of course, is no"

not? Why shouldn't the ones who have to fight vote on that question?" However, some of the answers to this are found in excerpts from the President's letter sent to the Speaker of the House on January 6, 1938, when the Ludlow proposal was under consideration, such as "the proposed amendment would be impracticable in its application and incompatible with our representative form of government," that "our Government is conducted by the people through representatives of their own choosing," and further that "such an amendment to the Constitution

as that proposed would cripple any President in his conduct of our foreign relations; and it would encourage other nations to believe that they could violate American rights with impunity."

The American Legion, of course, has a resolution in opposition to any such amendment, chiefly because a declaration of war cannot be decided by town meeting method in these days of undeclared wars and such a restricting amendment might seriously endanger the welfare of the United States.

Does any other nation of any conse-

quence have such a provision frozen into its basic statutes? Or even a law repealable at will by the legislature? The answer, of course, is no.

The pacifists and the "fellow travelers" of the Moscow-minded whom the Dies Committee's hearings smoked out would love to see us adopt such an amendment to the Constitution, because they believe that their boring-from-within tactics and the revulsion to bloodshed shared by normal human beings in a democracy would throw a monkey wrench into our machinery if, (Continued on page 50)

ARCHIE GROWS

By

ROBERT
GINSBURGH

Up!

THE war birds all laughed when Archie opened his mouth. He coughed and he wheezed and shuddered and sputtered. He puffed smoke and he blew sand—also belched flame and spat fire, but the villainous aircraft politely ignored him.

Archie was christened by a more dignified name. The Germans gave him the terrible title of "das Flugschuetz" and when they turned loose four or six Archies they went so far as to call them the "Flugzeugabwehrbatterie," but the British Tommies, who were among the first to sense Archie's wrath, refused to be impressed. They watched him spray the skies with shrapnel and shell and ridiculed his ability to shoot.

There is a story told of one bold young Royal Flying Corps pilot, just back from London's music halls, who sang as he flew and fought. The bursts of fire from the German guns on the ground that broke around him, he artfully dodged and as each shot missed him, he loudly sang out, "Archibald, certainly not." That was the catch phrase of an English song hit of 1914. The boys on the ground caught the refrain and Archie became synonymous with German anti-aircraft artillery.

When the British tried to turn their guns on the German fliers, they fared no better. They aimed their pompoms and pulled their lanyards. They filled the air with flying projectiles. They were above the target, beyond the target and short of the target, to the right of it and to the left of it. They never seemed to hit it.

Worse than that, their shells, which were supposed to burst on impact, touching nothing but ether along the trajectory, fell to the ground with a crash and exploded, and frequently in the trenches of their own Tommies. In disgust, they called their own anti-aircraft artillery pieces, Archies.

Archies they remained. When the American Expeditionary Force introduced its own anti-aircraft guns, the reputation would not die. Archie became an expressive addition to the doughboy's vocabulary.

The cosmoline American coast artillerymen, who manned the A. E. F. anti-aircraft artillery, did not take kindly to the sobriquet Archie and its contemptuous connotation. They had records to prove that when the American Archie fired, German planes took no chances and kept to a respectful height above the bursts. They offered examples of decreased effectiveness of enemy planes in zones where Archie performed. They had substantial evidence that Archie did

bring down a number of German ships. They even presented statistics showing that Archie's marksmanship was almost twice as good as that of the highly touted doughboy's or red-leg's. They submitted arithmetical data that they brought down an enemy plane for every 605 rounds of anti-aircraft artillery ammunition expended. In contrast, they proved that it took an average of 1,100 rounds of Allied ammunition—small arms, artil-

lery, grenades and trench mortars—to account for every casualty among the soldiers of the Central Powers. Skeptic doughboys merely scoffed at the coast artillerymen's arguments and continued to laugh at Archie.

To the men in the air, however, Archie by 1918 had become a serious menace. His shots began to tell.

French marksmanship against the plane, woefully poor in 1914-15, had



If it flies within range of the anti-aircraft guns these billion candle power beams will spot it



The 62d Coast Artillery lets a machine-directed one go during a simulated air raid on New York City

greatly improved. In 1916, the French antiaircraft service had grounded 60 airplanes; in 1917, 120; and in 1918, 200. In 1916, the French gunners expended 11,000 shots of various calibers of infantry and artillery weapons to bring down a single plane. In 1918, it took but 7,500. Limited to the performances of Archie, the toll was one enemy plane per 3,200 rounds of antiaircraft artillery fire.

The British showed even greater progress. They had failed miserably in 1914 with a zero performance. In 1915, they brought down 20; in 1916, 50; in 1917, 95 and in 1918, 176. In 1917, they averaged 8,000 rounds per German plane. In late 1918, they were spending 1,500 for every enemy ship brought down.

By the end of the World War, Italian antiaircraft artillery had brought down 129 German and Austrian planes.

Our own antiaircraft service, consisting of but two skeleton artillery battalions and two machine-gun battalions, in action but four months, was credited officially with bringing down 58 planes.

Archie from beyond the Rhine brought down more planes by antiaircraft fire than all of the Allies put together. The devastating attack of the German antiaircraft gunners accounted for a total of 1,520 Allied planes.

German Archies took their toll, not only among novices in aviation but among the most experienced fliers of the Allied armies, though on direct hits he frequently left no trace of his destruction.

Lieutenant Boyau, the champion French "balloon buster," with a record of 24 observation balloons and 12 airplanes, disappeared in mid-air after he became subjected to Archie's barrage. Archie is not directly credited with victory over the great Guynemer but the fact that the famous French ace disappeared after taking off and rising to the clouds, points suspiciously toward another of Archie's successes. Major Manno, Royal Flying Corps ace, with 73 victories to his credit, went down before a German Archie.

Another victim was Lieutenant Hamilton Coolidge, young Harvard athlete, winner of the Distinguished Service Cross, who, with eight quick victories to his credit, gave promise of developing into an outstanding ace in the American Army Air Service, caught in a burst of German antiaircraft fire. Allied Archies wrought similar havoc among German fliers.

WHEN the World War's post-mortems came up for study, military experts not only failed to find fault with Archie's marksmanship but expressed great surprise that he ever hit anything. Archie had to fight in four dimensions but he had no Einstein in his gun crew.

To hit his aerial target, he had to determine first how far away it was. He had to get the range. Then he had to figure out the plane's deviation to the right or to the left and set his instruments accordingly. In other words, he had to compute the azimuth of his target. Then he had to calculate the height of the enemy plane above his guns and make the necessary corrections. Finally, he had to set his aim forward, well ahead of the plane, to compensate for the time of flight of the projectile until it would reach that point in mid-air where he hoped target and shell would meet in explosion. In short, Archie's fire had to be corrected for range, azimuth, height and time of flight.

To complicate matters, Archie never could count upon any cooperation from the enemy fliers. On the contrary, they tried in every way to confuse him in his calculations. They refused to stay put. By the time Archie had the range, the plane was a mile or two away. By the time he determined the azimuth, the flier had changed direction. By the time he established the height, the inconsiderate aviator had turned a few somersaults and had dropped several hundred feet. By the time he had set the fuse to take the time of flight into account, the target had undergone changes in three dimensions and had thrown all of his calculations out of line.

Despite these apparent difficulties, Archie's hits had become too frequent to be ignored. By the time of the Armistice



Antiaircraft director T-8, affectionately termed "The Brain," doing its stuff during maneuvers

every warring nation not only had a considerable antiaircraft service but was making elaborate plans for its further expansions.

In the last twenty years, Archie has made great strides. No longer is he on the defensive before other military arms and services. He occupies a conspicuous position in the defense of all frontiers of all nations. His reputation, enhanced in Spain, has been increased still further by his performances in target practice. Though the plane still is more than an equal match for him, he realizes that he is adding to its difficulties. The plane may fly higher and higher in the hope of staying out of his range but Archie relentlessly continues in his efforts to keep up. He knows that the higher he compels the pilot and his observer to go, the harder it becomes for the plane to pick up targets, to shoot accurately and to observe fire for artillery.

The American Archie of today, still a three-inch antiaircraft gun, is a tremendous improvement over the World War model. Its vertical range of about 5,500 feet in 1918 has been greatly increased. In some of the recent maneuvers its effect was noted on sleeve targets towed at the height of 12,000 and 13,000 feet. Instead of needing 605 rounds to bring down a plane, Archie, firing at the rate of 25 rounds per gun per minute, can be counted on to score a hit for every 24 rounds. His muzzle velocity has been

increased from 1,800 foot seconds to 2,800, and as a result of this improvement, he has cut down the time of flight of the projectile and consequently added to the accuracy of his fire. He can track a target traveling at two hundred miles an hour and hold it under constant observation.

No longer is Archie regarded disdainfully. He has gained the confidence of the ground troops and the respect of the flying man. The name Archie has become a term of genuine affection.

The transformation of Archie represents a signal victory for the ordnance engineers of the United States Army and especially for the late Major William P. Wilson, who is credited with providing Archie with a mechanical brain. It is an instrument known as a director.

When word reaches an American antiaircraft battery that an enemy flight is heading toward the lines, the observers near the guns turn their stereoscopic height-finder in the general direction of the expected target, pick it up in its course and begin to track it. They set a few dials and in a few seconds the height of the enemy plane is determined. By wire, this data is transmitted to the director, or the mechanical brain.

In the meantime, another crew with

the use of other instruments determines the speed of the hostile aircraft. That information also is transmitted to the brain.

The "brain twisters," consisting of a crew of six, follow the target with two sights, one for direction and the other for range, turn a dial to set the altitude as it comes from the height-finder and the brain does the rest.

It furnishes automatically, by electrical devices, the elevation for the gun to correspond to the range of the target, the lateral setting to give proper direction to the aim, and the mark for setting the fuses on the projectiles so that they will explode at the proper moment. It solves instantaneously the data to the future position of the target and automatically transmits the settings to the dials in the guns. By keeping the three dials on the guns matched with those on which information from the brain is received, the gun crews can keep their eyes on the target and be ready to shoot upon command. As the enemy planes maneuver about the skies, changing height, range or direction, the brain keeps on working and provides the men at the guns with up-to-the-second information.

Archie has been provided not only with brains but with eyes and ears. Sound locators, with the appearance of gigantic phonograph horns, pick up the noise of planes at distances up to seven miles. Huge sixty-inch (Continued on page 44)

FINISH THE JOB

SOME weeks before the conclusion of the public hearings held by the Dies Committee of the House of Representatives organized for the purpose of investigating un-American activities, National Commander Stephen F. Chadwick was invited to appear before the committee and give his testimony. In his opening statement the National Commander of The American Legion said:

"Your committee is, in the testimony being produced before it, making disclosures which to most of our citizenry appear startling, but to The American Legion the things which the committee has thus far heard have been known over a period of years. We, in our endeavors to combat the 'isms' which beset the body politic, have not been able to secure the audience which the seriousness of the situation warrants. It was for this reason that The American Legion requested and supported the appointment of a Congressional committee, and as the committee delves into the facts upon which its ultimate findings must be made, we of the Legion feel that no hurdle should be placed in its way, for it is concerning itself with a diseased condition in our internal affairs which, if suffered to go unchecked, may cause our national destruction from within just as completely as external danger might do so from without."

The Dies Committee completed its work, and a forty thousand word report, the result of its findings after months of hard work and research, was submitted to the Congress on the opening day of the present session. Shocking and startling as were the disclosures of the numbers, methods and distribution of the borers-from-within, it was frankly admitted that the inquiry had only scratched the surface; that the scope of the probe, necessarily limited by the time and the means at its command, was not sufficient to bring the full truth to light. With the presentation of the report to the House and the expenditure of the small appropriation of \$25,000 which had been set aside for its use, the work of the committee as constituted by the last Congress came to an end. Chairman Dies, however, asked that the committee be reconstituted and that an adequate appropriation be provided to extend the inquiry. This the House of Representatives by overwhelming vote has done.

CONTAINING as this report did a broad indictment of communist infiltration and of nazi and fascist penetration; of agitation of "isms" and ideologies directly opposed to the democracy of America carried on unhampered and unimpeded, with the sympathetic support, if not under actual direction, of the representatives of foreign governments, the findings were so full and complete and so thoroughly documented as to convince even the doubting Thomases that the subversive movement in America has passed the bogie man stage and has grown into a menace. The Dies Committee did not confine its inquiries singly into the movement of those aliens who take their directions from Moscow, Berlin

or Rome, but paid more than a little attention to the workings of some of our domestic organizations and to some bureaus and departments of our own Government, particularly those having to do with immigration and deportation of undesirable aliens. In this instance the accent was placed on the Department of Labor and the dealings of that department with alien agitators. The Harry Bridges case was discussed at length and no justification was found for the coddling of the Australian alleged communist, stormy petrel in West Coast labor relations, or for continued refusal to proceed to hearing on the warrant to deport him.

The Dies report, covering but a small part of a wide field, accomplished just the thing that National Commander Chadwick hoped for in his opening statement to the committee—it brought pertinent facts before the wide audience of America itself; something that no group or organization could do.

These facts shocked many citizens out of their attitude of apathy or indifference. The report brought light to the eyes of many who were blinded by the self-willed belief that the so-called menace of alien agitation was the vagary of a small group of over zealous flag wavers and professional patriots. Many were shocked by the newspaper reports to do a little investigating and thinking for themselves. There are those, of course, who disagreed with the findings and opposed further hearings.

BUT, as distinguished from the findings of unofficial groups, the report of the Dies Committee cannot be laughed away. No amount of wise-cracking or criticism of the manner in which the investigation was conducted will dispel or set aside the undisputed facts presented; other facts or conclusions which are not so much a matter of public knowledge must have credence until they are controverted.

About three hundred and forty years ago John Lyly, who was probably concerned about some great public question of his day—he could not have foreseen the hearings of last summer and fall—wrote: "There can be no great smoke arise but there must be some fire, no great report without great suspicion," which in the course of years has been reduced to the terse Americanism, "There is no smoke without fire." Here we have smoke, suspicion and a report—a report that, self-admittedly, only scratches the surface.

There is more, then, to be revealed, under-surface facts to be dug up from the sub-soil and the grass roots. The American Legion, with a knowledge gained by years of struggling with the problem of subversive elements, wants the job completed. There is now a popular demand by an aroused America for a complete airing of an unwholesome and unpleasant subject, free from the implications of a partisan color or bias, and we expect remedial legislation to follow which will protect us as a free people from those who would destroy our liberty.

BY WINSOR JOSSELYN

NEWCOMERS to Legion Posts often have gold-bearing ideas, particularly if they have transferred in from go-getter outfits elsewhere. Naturally they are a little reticent about popping off as to what successful crowds they've belonged to, and so they may need a little prompting before the pay-streaks in their experiences are revealed. Like this:

The Post Commander and his executive committee came into the meeting room that night with long faces. To old-timers in the Post, it was plain that the bugaboo of post finances was going to be aired again—plenty.

Nor were they disappointed. All too soon the meeting got going and the airing came like a storm.

"And so, Comrades," summarized the

Back near one corner of the room, a new man finally stood up and saluted and said, "Comrade Commander, the Post I came from in the West has an annual turkey shoot in October that nets from four hundred to a thousand dollars a year. Of course, that may not be a whole lot of money—"

Broke in a voice, "Brother, it's a fortune!"

The Commander rapped his gavel and craned his neck toward the new member's corner. "Did you say a turkey shoot?" Around the room other necks craned to see the man who spoke about Thanksgiving birds in round hundreds of dollars.

"Yes, Commander, I did," went on the new man. "Of course, I don't mean that people actually shoot at the turkeys.

or ducks or even pigs for prizes. It doesn't matter so much what you give; the main thing is to find a suitable location and to appoint committees that will work. And here's another thing to be said for a turkey shoot: It encourages outdoor shooting of all kinds of firearms, which is a mighty good Legion activity."

"Comrade," said the Commander, "you're just the man we want to talk to after this meeting's over. I think you've got something there!"

And so after the meeting closed, the Commander rallied his right-hand men and sat down with the new member at a table in the Post's busy Dugout, and the new member began to talk.

The first thing that you've got to consider (said he) is your location. If you go in for this shoot on an ambitious scale

BULL'S-EYE



Commander, frowning down at the papers on his desk, "now you know all of the figures.

"We've got to meet the payments on our building; we've got to carry on our youth work; we've got to keep up our community welfare—and all the rest of the items on our program. And you can see what shape our finances are in to do this with. If anybody in this room has any suggestions for new ways to raise money, let him speak up."

"Or be responsible for the pieces," interjected a comrade.

"You may be right," said the Commander, through a scattering of profane comment about a post treasury that was seemingly forever porous.

Refreshment stands and other concessions bring in the gravy. Besides, everybody doesn't want to watch the shooting

They shoot at targets with big rifles and little rifles and shotguns and pistols, and if they make bull's-eyes they win a turkey. We also have other contests—"

"Turkeys and ducks are good eating!" broke in a hefty comrade.

"—and we have a hamburger booth and a refreshment stand."

The Commander squinted in concentration. "But, Comrade," he said at length, "suppose that turkeys are hard to supply in this part of the country."

"Well, then, give chickens or rabbits

you will need a lot of room. This means several acres for car parking, concessions, and a two-hundred-and-forty-yard range for the big rifles with a fairly steep hill for a target backstop. There should also be considerable open land on either side for the small-bore rifles, the shotguns and the pistols.

But, mind you, if you simply haven't got the room you can leave out the big rifle range and have only the small rifle, shotgun and pistol. In fact, I believe that you might compress this shoot so much that you could hold it in a good, big basement by cutting out the shotguns and simply using the small-bore rifles and the pistols. You might add bows and arrows, to say nothing of toy pistols firing



GOLD

vacuum-tipped arrows, and the darts that you throw. The time of the year can be any season that suits you best, just as the autumn suited us best.

To get back to the ambitious shoot, however, with lots of outdoors at your disposal, it's a good idea to get a field close to a highway so that the shoot can easily be found by your public and so that there's plenty of parking space for cars. The Sons of the Legion, by the way, can be a great help in this car-parking business, which of course is offered free to patrons.

With good publicity and good weather you'll have customers by the hundreds.

Let's consider the physical set-up of the targets, taking the big rifle range first. This range, as I've said, is two hundred and forty yards long, and it has a line of ten targets of plywood measuring five feet square. Eight of the targets have lifesize silhouettes of turkeys fixed

to them. In the center of each silhouette is a seven-inch china plate bull's-eye, set so that it can be quickly replaced when hit. The targets are nailed to uprights so that the

bull's-eye plates are about five feet above the ground.

Two of the targets are specials. One has a plain black, seven-inch bull's-eye for shooters whose guns are sighted for black bull's-eyes. The other is a target with a plain black, five-inch bull's-eye that is a handicap for shooters who have got their three-bird limit on the regular targets.

A dugout is installed at one side of the row of targets for the observers, and the best arrangement for communication is to run a field telephone from the firing line to the dugout. Lacking a telephone, communication can be done with flags or a megaphone. When each man on the firing line has fired his three shots, the range is closed, a red flag is planted alongside the dugout and the observers inspect the targets. If a plate is even nicked, it is a hit and is replaced. Holes in the black bull's-eyes are covered with bits of adhesive black paper. Hits are signaled by

Firing line for high powered rifle match. At the left the banker's tent, scene of the pay-off

the observers by momentarily holding a white disc against the bull's-eye, while misses are signaled by a wave of a red flag.

The small-bore rifle range is eighty-five yards long and has a one and seven-eighths inch black bull's-eye. We found that one target was all that we needed.

The charge on either rifle range is one dollar for three shots, and the shooters furnish their own guns and ammunition.

Trapshooting divides into three classes. First: The shooters work in squads of five, firing ten or twenty-five shells apiece as agreed on beforehand, and the high man wins a turkey; the shells are furnished at the firing line and cost a dollar and fifteen cents for ten, or two dollars for twenty-five. Second: For those who simply want to shoot for the fun of it, with no turkey up for a prize, the cost is sixty-five cents for ten shots, or a dollar and a half for twenty-five. Third: For those who shoot for the fun but who bring their own shells, the cost is thirty cents for ten shots, or sixty cents for twenty-five.

A trick shotgun range that appeals to some is one where eight shooters stand fifty yards away from a series of eight targets, the targets being cardboards six inches square which bear crossed black lines that are a quarter inch wide. Each person shoots one shell, and the shooter who gets one pellet nearest where the lines cross in the center of the target wins a turkey. The cost is fifty cents per shooter.

Pistol shooting works well with novel ranges, too, such as "chance" targets at a range of about ten feet. The range and the "chance" will give novices and experts an equal opportunity.

One form of such target is a board with sixteen playing cards attached with their backs to the shooter. The cards used are the aces, kings, (Continued on page 55)



What the shooting's all about. The hill in back is an insurance policy for the Post

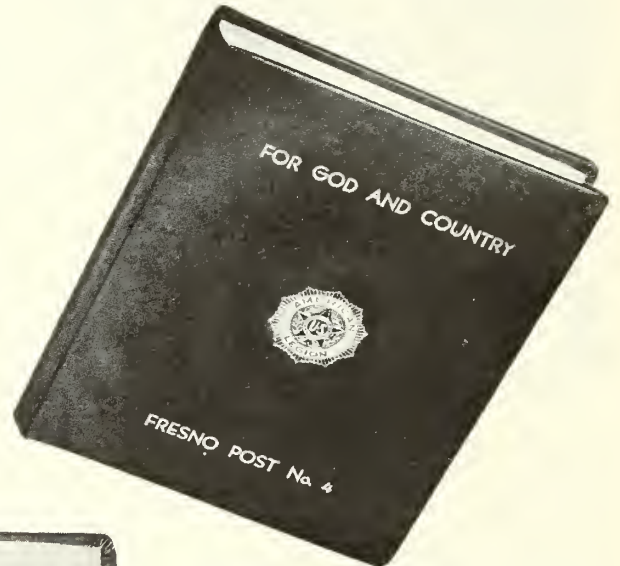
HISTORY -

As it is Writ

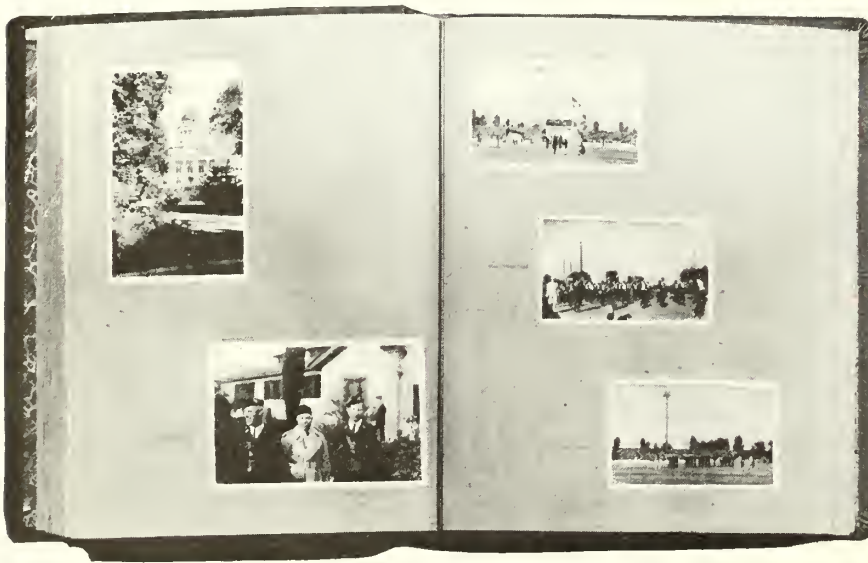


AS THE Legion years lengthen out it is becoming more and more apparent that greater stress is being laid upon the compilation and preservation of accurate records of effort and achievement. It is not to be thought, and there is no implication here, that this growing interest arises from the fact that Legionnaires, now in robust, blooming middle age, are verging upon

For eight years past National Headquarters has encouraged the post history plan through the means of a national Post History Contest, conducted by the National Historian. The historical section at Indianapolis has been greatly enriched by the contributions resulting directly from the competitions in past years. In the contest for 1939, when the Legion enters its twenty-first



Fresno (California) Post has compiled a pictorial post history that is a thing of beauty and a joy forever—pictures tell the complete story



the years of anecdotage; or that their failing eyes are tired of trying to peer into the future, but, with mellowed memories, look back reminiscently over the years of youth and vigorous young manhood.

Keeping the records and writing the history has always been, and always will be, the work of a small, devoted group of members—every Post has at least one—who serve year in and year out as Post Adjutant or Post Historian, or, as frequently is the case, one man fills both offices. This group—and it is not so small in the aggregate—deserves a big bunch of posies and three cheers; they are writing the life story of the organization and it is on these records that the historian of the future must rely.

year, National Historian Thomas M. Owen, Jr., hopes to have at least one thousand entries, which would represent less than one-tenth of the active Posts. Rules for the contest have been prepared by the National Historian and may be obtained from his office at National Headquarters. All histories must be submitted on or before May 1st.

Each post history is judged on comprehensiveness, arrangement, accuracy, readability, index and cover, but mere size or form has never been a consideration. Thus the historian of a small Post may in a few pages present a story which meets all requirements as fully as in a large book. The 1938 winners were well distributed over the Legion area; first

prize went to Edward J. Moran of Binghamton (New York) Post; second prize to Mrs. Fiesta B. Markham of Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post, Denver, Colorado, and third prize to Caroline A. Wilcox of Hanson Post, Amarillo, Texas. Honorable mention was awarded Mrs. Russell F. Whiting of Fairfield (Alabama) Post; Mrs. James Foy of Morgan McDermott Post, Tucson, Arizona; C. W. Ross of Ashing Post, Wellsburg, Iowa; A. T. Sawyer of Harold F. Hutchinson Post, Bar Mills, Maine, and O. Z. Ide of George Washington Post, Detroit, Michigan.

The method of keeping post records and post histories does not follow a uni-



“The photographic history is roughly divided into three major divisions—

"Among the activities which were primarily the affairs of the Post, and which are covered fully in the pictorial record, were the maintenance of a drum



To be sure, Adjutant Agate's novel record of events is somewhat informal and is not always as restrained as the page shown in the accompanying illustration, which is offered as a guide to aspiring Adjutants. Captain Bob Bartlett, Legionnaire, too, whose polar expeditions and adventures in the Arctic regions fill many pages, was the guest speaker. National Commander Chadwick, who happened to be in the city, was a surprise visitor.

CAPT. BOB BARTLETT- IRON MAN FROM A WOODEN SHIP!



After the meeting, ~~she~~ ^{she} told Ough "oh, Bartlett that it was our
mistake to send our guide a picture of my of the albatross, and suggested
he write paper for the 87 page old book than the 24 page square of with
poor effortlessness. However,

"That could be fixed," he said, "but he is useful not to any writing there
particularly about those prisoners that could make her think it's not a
good job."

NATIONAL COMMAND,
F CHADWICK



THE NATIONAL COMMAND
STEPHEN F CHADWICK

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The artist-recorder had to content himself with a couple of portrait sketches and omit the usual action shots and cartoons of fellow members.

Fini la Mortgage

A MORTGAGE, like a skeleton in the closet, is not the most pleasant thing to have in a family, or in a Legion Post. But, as things go in these troubled days, a mortgage is sometimes a necessary evil, and there is cause for rejoicing when the last payment is made and the "plaster" is removed from the old home-stead. Then, what to do?

Some Posts have used novel means to celebrate their emancipation from the burden of debt by holding public bon-fires, burning to ashes the evidences of debt. Just a little more than a year ago Alonzo Cudworth Post, of Milwaukee,

The unique manner of disposing of the mortgage, the last installment having been paid some time before, originated with Commander Charles A. Rathke. Two hundred members and friends gathered at the post home for the ceremony. Then Miss Emily Bracken, Treasurer of the Auxiliary Unit and sister of the soldier in whose memory the Post was named, took her place at the Commander's desk, before a small box. Her hand passed over the box, not touching it, and as if by magic a tiny little blue spark traveled between two pieces of copper wire and on to the top of a rod standing on the



Kiffin Rockwell Post, Asheville, North Carolina, erected a fifty-five foot steel flag pole on the grounds of Asheville Senior High School as a part of its community service and Americanism work



Just a wave of the hand—poof, goes the mortgage in smoke and fire. Not a demonstration by a modern magician, but the way Robert W. Bracken Post, Bristol, Pennsylvania, celebrated its emancipation from debt

Wisconsin, celebrated such an event by firing their fully paid mortgage from a cannon out over the water of Lake Michigan, only to have their magnificent club home destroyed by fire a few months later. One of the latest of the mortgage burners is Ralph W. Bracken Post, of Bristol, Pennsylvania—the first to use an electric eye to destroy the evidence.

The paper representing the Post indebtedness had been fastened to the top of the rod, and as the little spark reached the top the paper burst into flame and blazed away until there was nothing left but a charred mass. Miss Bracken's magic wave of the hand set into motion an electric eye. Now the "eyes" have it.

Vermont's New Hospital

"CULMINATING a vigorous drive started more than four years ago by the Department of Vermont, The American Legion, to obtain adequate general medical hospital facilities for its ailing war veterans," writes Miss Bertha Jackson, "the new United States Veterans Hospital near White River Junction, Vermont, has opened its doors to receive patients residing in Vermont and New Hampshire. This newest facility is the forty-third general medical hospital provided for the care of veterans under the supervision of the Veterans Administration.

"Simple, but impressive, ceremonies marked the formal dedication of the hospital, presided over by George B. Kolk, manager of the Facility, and attended by more than four thousand persons. Among the distinguished guests were the Governors of Vermont and New Hampshire, members of the Congressional delegations from both States, and Department officers of the Legion and Auxiliary of the Departments of Vermont and New Hampshire.

"Although originally designed for a one hundred and ten bed capacity, contracts

were awarded for an additional seventy-seven beds in another building before the first unit was completed. By mid-summer the total bed capacity will be one hundred and eighty-seven. The investment, including nurses' home and attendants' quarters, will represent an outlay of approximately \$750,000. The main building, three stories high, is in colonial design in red brick with granite trim. The service building, consisting of boiler house, garages and warehouse, is in the rear of the main building. Regional Office activities for Vermont are housed in the east wing on the first floor of the main building.

"The hospital staff is made up of six physicians, a dentist, thirteen nurses, thirteen hospital attendants, an X-ray technician, a laboratory technician, pharmacist and physio-therapy aide. In the dietetic department a dietitian, three cooks and ten mess attendants are provided. For the maintenance of the building and grounds, a utility officer and twenty-three mechanics, firemen, laborers, janitors and other workmen are included. In all, the total personnel of the combined hospital and Regional Office numbers one hundred and twelve."

Father and Sons

DEPARTMENT President Eleanor A. Wright, of the Auxiliary of South Dakota, reports an unusual father and son combination in Greer Post of Wagner, South Dakota. The active membership includes Dr. P. R. Pinard, whose war-time service as a captain in the Medical Corps included more than a year in France, and his two sons, Noel Pinard, who put in his time at Camp Taylor, Kentucky, and Kenneth, who was sent to Camp Lewis, Washington. Widely separated in their service during the war months, the father and two sons are now enlisted in peace-

time service in the same Post of the Legion.

Christmas Cheer

CHRISTMAS, 1938, is just about two months back, but reports of the Christmas activities of the several Posts keep coming to the desk of the Step-Keeper. More than one hundred Posts have reported some special service, and nearly all have sent pictures of some phase of their program. It is obviously impossible, because of space limitation, to make use of all of this splendid material, telling, as it does, of the unselfish service of thousands of Legionnaires.

Let's grab a handful at random from the folder. First on top is the report of Spartanburg (South Carolina) Post made by Robert Kelsey, Chairman of the Publicity Committee. The Post and Auxiliary held their fifth annual Christmas service, with tree and presents for children. Gave presents to two hundred and thirty-two children and baskets of food to ninety-two needy families, each basket estimated at a \$4 food value . . . Adams (Massachusetts) Post gave its annual Christmas party for about three hundred children . . .



Quinsigamond Post of Worcester, Massachusetts, raised a Christmas fund of \$600 at a bingo and turkey party. That meant shoes for school children, baskets of food for the needy, and bath robes, cigarettes and other comforts for disabled comrades in hospitals . . . Arthur E. Shaw Post of Franklin, New Hampshire, reports the tenth annual distribution of Christmas baskets, enough to provide dinners for one hundred and seventy-two persons. In addition the Post gave cash to eight persons and sent clothing and toys to fifty children not provided for in the basket distribution.

Smith-Reynolds Post of Vancouver,



Washington, sent out trucks loaded with boxes of foodstuffs and toys for the children, according to Commander Ira G. Holcomb. In all, three hundred and twenty-seven boxes were distributed by the Post, in cooperation with the Salvation Army, in Vancouver and in Clark County . . . Publician Guy Jackson reports that Marne Post of New Martinsville, West Virginia, sponsored a community Christmas tree, when more than four hundred children were provided with Christmas cheer . . . Hurden-Looker Post of Hillside, New Jersey, staged its usual Christmas party for children, featuring Patrick Kelly, six feet, ten inches in height and weighing four hundred and twenty-seven pounds, in the role of Santa Claus. Presents and food baskets were distributed.

More than eleven hundred boys and girls under ten years of age were remembered at the fourth annual Christmas party put on by J. Willie Leigh Post of Navasota, Texas. In addition four hundred needy families were provided for; altogether 2,300 gift bags were made up and distributed, paid for from funds raised by holding public entertainments . . . Robert G. Kotouch Post of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, was awarded first prize for an Americanism Christmas display in its home city. The display was erected by Service Officer Maurice Scott . . . From Kingsburg (California) Post is reported the twelfth annual community Christmas party, featuring a tree sixty-four feet in height, decorated with four hundred colored globes.

Los Angeles (Continued on page 58)



The newest of Uncle Sam's general medical hospitals for the care and treatment of World War veterans, located near White River Junction, Vermont, built to serve patients residing in Vermont and New Hampshire

BEHIND THE FRONT

A Man Could Stand Only So Much

By Wallgren



Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers

COMRADE George B. Boyd, of Monticello, Minnesota, sends in the one about a veteran who had passed on, and was to be buried with military honors. An old lady who was not familiar with military funerals saw the procession passing and asked her son what was going on.

"They are going to bury Captain Jones," he said.

"Well, what are those men carrying rifles for?" the old lady asked.

"They are going to do the shooting at the grave."

"My!" exclaimed the old lady. "Isn't he dead yet?"

FROM Bob Drum, Past Commander of Omaha (Nebraska) Post, comes the tale about a puzzled electrician. He called his assistant and said:

"Put your hand on one of those wires."

The assistant complied.

"Feel anything?" asked the electrician.

"No."

"Good," said the electrician. "I wasn't sure which was which. Don't touch the other or you'll drop dead!"

DR. Robert Davis, of Lexington, Indiana, passes along the one about a Sunday School teacher who had a pupil whose ignorance would have been amusing had it not been appalling. One Sunday she asked the little fellow how many commandments there were. To her surprise, the lad answered, "Ten, ma'am."

"And now, Al," she pleasantly asked, "what would be the result if you should break one of them?"

"Then," he exclaimed in triumph, "there'd be nine!"

ACCORDING to Bill Johnston, of Washington, Pennsylvania, a lady tourist for the first time was looking in on an Indian village.

"Those Indians certainly have a savage, blood-curdling yell," she said.

"Quite so," replied the guide. "You see, ma'am, every one of 'em is a college graduate."

AND Adjutant Jack Hebson, of La Verne (California) Post, is telling one about a sailor who was recounting his experiences to a dear old lady.

"And what rank did you hold?" she asked.

"They made me ship's optician, lady."

"I didn't know there was such a rank in the United States Navy," she said. "What did you do?"

"I scraped the eyes out of the potatoes."

LEGIONNAIRE C. E. Boyle, of Vancouver, Canada, sends in a yarn about a rookie in the Q. M. C. who had just been castigated for failing to describe some listings in minute detail, when a soldier came in and complained that there was a shoe string missing from a pair of shoes which he had been issued.

taken his soundings, all of which seemed mere duplications to him, the patient asked wearily:

"Why doesn't somebody write that down? Can't anybody take anybody's word for anything in this place?"

A CRITIC was asked his opinion of a new novel.

"It's pretty heavy," he said. "It would be a good thing for a soldier to wear over his heart when going into battle."

"Why?"

"Well, if a bullet struck that book it would never go past the first chapter."



"Just take out my tonsils, doctor. Dr. Crabtree underbid you on the appendectomy"

"Give him another," ordered the sergeant.

"Which one; right or left?"

ACCORDING to Joseph Neth, of Astoria (New York) Post, a very much mussed-up individual was carrying an automobile tire which had been blown to ribbons, to a shop over whose door read the legend, "Our Tires Smile at Miles." The man entered and threw the tire he had been carrying at the feet of a clerk and exclaimed:

"Here, Mister, this one just laughed out LOUD!"

LEGIONNAIRE Belle K. Barry, of Los Angeles, writes about a patient in a Veterans Hospital who was being examined by a corps of medical men. After the fourth or fifth doctor had

SPORTS Editor Arden Skidmore, of the Morgantown (West Virginia) *Dominion-News*, recalls the story they tell about a baseball game between two teams from rival mining towns. The captain of one side was at bat. The pitcher let the ball go, and it passed over the plate a perfect strike.

"One strike!" called the umpire.

The batter turned and gave him what is known as a dirty look. "Go easy with that strike stuff, ump," he growled.

Again the pitcher sent a ball that cut right through the center of the plate.

"Two!" called the umpire.

The batter wheeled around, lifted his bat in the air, and poised it over the umpire's head.

"Two what?" he yelled.

"Too high," said the umpire.

THERE was an eminent lawyer years ago who was fond of displaying his legal learning, especially to the members of his office staff. He was not too proud to give even the office boy the benefit of his wisdom and his experience.

Someone asked the boy:

"How much does the judge pay you?"

"Ten thousand dollars a year."

"What, ten thousand a year for an office boy?"

"Yes," said the boy. "Four dollars a week in cash and the rest in legal advice."

IT WAS in the lecture room of a well known university, and the time was 11:58 A. M. There was shuffling of feet, rattle of change, and audible signs of impending departure. Wearily the professor said: "Just a moment, gentlemen. I have yet a few pearls to cast."

HAIL, LITTLE CORPORAL!



AERICAN soldiers, once the job of fighting was finished in Europe, proved to be as ardent tourists as are American citizens in general—and many were the odd corners of the Old World that they visited. One touring expedition took ship to the native land of a great soldier who, although he received in the Military School in Paris his training to be an officer, rose to General and to Emperor of his country, still is most generally



When a group of A. E. F. tourists visited the Island of Corsica in 1919, they were royally entertained in Bastia, its capital shown above. At left, part of the group with the railroad train on which they crossed the Island



referred to as the "Little Corporal." That nickname was affectionately bestowed upon him by the soldiers of his command, when with the rank of General he was commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy, conducting campaigns for the French against Italy and the Austrians. His name? You all recognize him—Napoleon Bonaparte, later to become Napoleon I, Emperor of France, and conqueror of most of Europe.

The pictures you see came from Legionnaire Herbert Beller of 643 Roscoe Street, Chicago, Illinois, with this account of the touring party of which he was a member:

"Upon going over my World War souvenirs last Armistice Day, I came upon the enclosed snapshots which I believe might prove of interest to the Then and

Now Gang. The pictures were taken under the following circumstances:

"At Headquarters, Base Section No. 6, Marseille, France, after the Armistice, we had on duty as Liaison Officer a Captain LeClerc, a great friend and admirer of the American Army. He conceived the idea that it would be a fine thing for the American soldiers to make a pilgrimage to the birthplace of Napoleon in Corsica. Through his efforts, the French Navy put the torpedo boat destroyer *Opiniatre* at his disposal to carry the Americans from Toulon to the Island of Corsica, and return, in April, 1919.

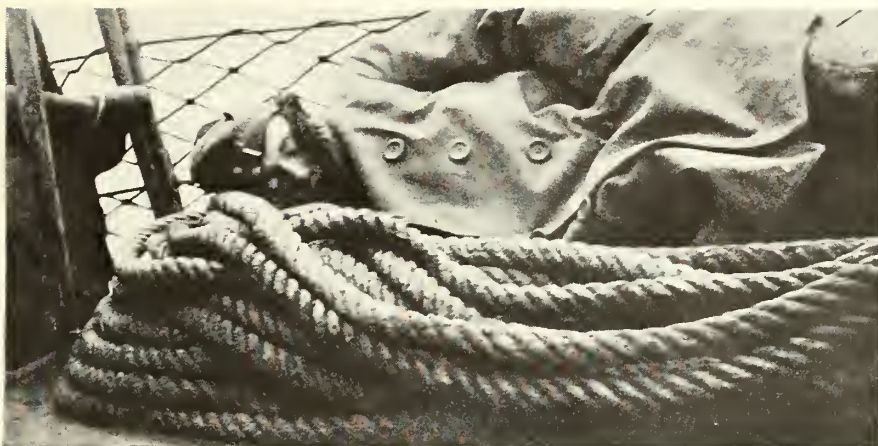
"The majority of the Americans chosen to go were from the University Detachment at Aix-la-Chapelle, near Marseille, but everyone who could obtain a leave

from the Base went along. I was on duty at the time with Captain LeClerc in the Rents, Requisitions and Claims Service, and was detailed by my C. O., Major Montgomery, to go along as the captain's aide.

"The destroyer landed our party at Ajaccio, where on August 15, 1769, just a century and a half before, Napoleon was born. We arrived in the morning, spent the day sightseeing and visited the house in the Place Litizia which was his birthplace. I recall, by the way, one of the boys broke a key from the piano of Napoleon's mother for a souvenir. Wonder if he still has it?

"The following





A casualty of the A. E. F. expedition to Corsica. Lieutenant Carroll succumbed to seasickness aboard the French destroyer *Opiniatre*

morning, part of the group went by train across the mountainous country to Bastia, the largest city and capital of the island, while the rest made the trip by automobile. Lieutenant Regan and I were appointed to go by train and contact the authorities at Bastia, and the train took all of nine and a half hours to make the 100-mile trip, creeping up the mountains and coasting down the other side.

"Our entire touring group was given a hearty welcome at Bastia and the next day an official reception and dinner dance was tendered us. Meanwhile, the *Opiniatre* cruised around the island, picked us up the evening of the following day and took us back to Nice. The weather was so bad that the ship's captain did not want to attempt a landing at Toulon with the 150 extra men of our contingent aboard—so we returned from Nice to Marseille by train.

"Among the men of the party I recall are Captain Simpson, the American officer in command of the party, Captain Smith of the Medical Corps, and Lieutenants Bennett, Regan and Carroll, all of the Artillery. The latter, by the way, suffered from mal de mer on our return

voyage, being only a little more seasick than I was—but I got a picture of him. I should be glad to hear from any of the soldiers who composed our tour group, particularly Bennett and Regan."

YOU all will probably recall the friendly howl of protest that was voiced in these columns in the issue of August last about Comrade Rhinehart's story in the January, 1938, number concerning the removal of the crews of the German cruiser *Geier* and two supply ships, when those ships were taken over by our Government at the time diplomatic relations were severed with Germany on February 4, 1917. It all came from the fact that Rhinehart is an ex-Leatherneck and the Gang got the inference that only Marines were involved in that early action. Veterans of the coast artillery corps and infantry stepped forward to assert they, too, were in on the party.

A couple of months after that recital appeared, we received a letter indicating that still another branch of service was also on deck. The rifle-range group of some of the men of that outfit, which



Leather-pushers on the rifle range at Schofield Barracks, Hawaii, during the war period. These men were of Troop H, 4th Cavalry. Do you know any of them?

you'll find reproduced, came with this letter from Ex-Mess Sergeant Bernard Koebele of 16525 Lauder Avenue, Detroit, Michigan:

"I just happened to be looking through your August issue and found to my great surprise a photograph of the C. A. C. gun at Fort Kamahameha, T. H., which was taken by my good friend and buddy, Sergeant Charles Shafer of Troop H, 4th Cavalry.

"We have heard so many pros and cons about the German cruiser *Geier*, but has it ever occurred to any of you that some 4th Cavalry men were also in on it? I served in Troop H, 4th Cavalry, from 1916 to 1920—at Schofield Barracks from the time of my enlistment until October 9, 1918, when we left on the transport *Thomas* for San Francisco, thence to



Douglas, Arizona (during the flu epidemic), thence to Fort Sam Fordyce, Texas.

"So I think the old leather-pushers should get a little credit, too, even though the days of the troopers and the old-fashioned horse cavalry are fast giving way to the more modern gasoline cavalry. To those of us who were fortunate enough to have been in the service during the years of real trooping, those days bring many fond memories.

"No doubt there still is, and always will be, a certain amount of cavalry mounted on horses, but their purpose will be more for showmanship than for actual duty. I enlisted at Detroit on April 24, 1916, and did my rookie stuff at Columbus Barracks, Ohio. After arduous preliminary training in manual of arms, squads right, and several weeks of K. P., I was assigned to the Fourth Cavalry, then stationed on Oahu, Hawaiian Territory. The trip across the country to San Francisco and then by transport to the Islands would make a story in itself. But eventually we sighted Diamond Head, disembarked, were herded into tiny railroad coaches immediately and were soon spinning out of Honolulu at a dizzy clip, through pineapple plantations and fields of sugar cane on our way to Castner Stop, Schofield Barracks, some thirty miles out of the city.

"My particular assignment was Troop H, then in charge of Captain John K. Herr, who, by the way, is now a Major General and Chief of Cavalry at Wash-



tached themselves to various American outfits as unofficial mascots. Now, through the cooperation of John M. Leonard, Recreational Officer of the Veterans Facility at Bay Pines, Florida, a Legionnaire of Turner Brandon Post in Clearwater, Florida, we see in the accompanying illustration, and learn about, a quintet of French kids who developed to a high degree the business sense which wasn't lacking much in practically all of the youngsters in that country of our former Allies.

This is what Comrade Leonard reports about the five-man squad posed at Port Arms:

"Enclosed is a picture snapped in St.



Nazaire shortly before my outfit embarked on the S. S. *Ryndam* in May, 1919, for home. I was then a member of the 22d Company, Transportation Corps (Railway), having enlisted in the Engineers in 1917, served with several engineer outfits at Camp Belvoir and Camp Humphreys, Virginia, sailed in June, 1918, with a casual replacement company, and then assigned to several Railway Engineer outfits at Montoir, Souilly, Paris and St. Nazaire.

"The snapshot was taken on the docks in St. Nazaire. The camera was owned by one of the Red Cross girls and I bought the film in Paris and had the negative developed there. These French youngsters had seen troops from the day they were able to take notice. They had observed the manual of arms as perpetrated by many good, bad and indifferent soldiers and railway engineers, both.

"Someone seeing them at their make-believe drill had once thrown them a couple of francs, and that began a profitable period for their families. They would time their drills when there appeared an opportunity to get a good collection and the favorite spot was the one pictured, where many of the home-going outfits boarded their transports.

ington, D. C. Teddy White was Top Kicker and 'twas he who gave us our first lecture on how to get along in this man's Army!

"Many veterans no doubt have heard enough about K. P. to do them for the rest of their lives, but I wonder how many know what a routine of S. P. is. There you have a real 'police' job. It means, simply, chambermaid to the geldings. Rise a half-hour before First Call, get to the stables, feed some 75 or 100 horses, clean out the bedding, wash the feed boxes, sweep the saddle-room floor, and many other diversified duties that go with keeping a row of stables, 100 by 50 feet in size, in apple pie order—not to mention the caring for the corral. I never did find out the reason for wearing those suits of white overalls while on stable duty.

"Rookie training in the 'Fawth Hawse' was ominous when compared to what we had already gone through. Upon issuance of all equipment we wondered if we hadn't made a mistake in choosing a career in the cavalry—rifle, pistol, sabre, gun boot, saddle, bridle, slicker and what not. Anyhoo, came the dawn—Dawn in the Paradise of the Pacific (for some people), but for us, 'Get up and get going, recruit!' And those first trials at horsemanship under Sergeant Highfill, the toughest piece of human meat I've ever encountered.

"Even after war was declared, we were mostly doing routine drills and customary guard duty. Most of my time was spent in the kitchen as mess sergeant, although I did serve as guidon sergeant when we were on parade. It was shortly after the cruiser *Geier* was taken over that we were detailed to guard the drinking water supply at Haliwa since, we had heard, an enemy plan was under way to poison the water. For several months each troop took its turn at this guard duty. Then, too, we had periodical war maneuvers—

Adept at the American manual of arms, the above quintet of French youngsters entertained our homegoing troops on the docks at St. Nazaire in the spring of 1919. At right, Louie, unofficial mascot of the Y. M. C. A. Leave Center at Mentone, France, not so good at saluting

the Reds against the Blues; the former comprising the 9th Field Artillery and 2d Infantry, and the latter our regiment and the 32d Infantry.

"When we left the Islands in September, 1918, for an unknown destination, we had hopes of getting into the war, but we found we were headed for Texas. We ended up doing patrol duty along the Rio Grande and about all there was to that was to catch Mexican bootleggers and bring them to justice. I never saw any Mexicans brought in, but I sure did see a lot of the stock in trade come in under the boys' belts. I reckon they caught the bootlegger, took away his hootch, gave him a kick in the pants and sent him back to his own side of the Rio. Not much adventure, but we soldiered, too.

"The enclosed picture shows some of my gang on the Schofield Rifle Range. Would surely be tickled pink if any of the old leather-pushers, especially Orville Zenor, Bugler Bowman, Sergeant Shafer, Sergeant Austolief, Cook Cross, Sergeant Huseby, 1st Ser-

geant White and Sergeant Martin, wrote to me. I recently had a letter from General Herr, our former captain, and I know the boys will be interested in the captain's rise to his high post—he was 100 percent soldier and a swell fellow."

SOME years ago this department published pictures and stories of a number of the French and German boys who at-



"The boys executed their drills in a very serious manner. They did not attempt to burlesque in any way but the corporal had been exposed to our language which, as you may remember, could not be classified as the purest of English by a long shot. Therefore his commands were interspersed with many cuss words.

"As many troops sailed from St. Nazaire, I believe that they will recall these kids and the francs they tossed to them. Let us hear from some of the veterans who remember this miniature drill squad."

AND now from the docks at St. Nazaire, suppose we move down to the Leave Areas in the vicinity of Mentone, patronized by thousands of A. E. F. ers, where we find a lone French kid who, according to the letter that accompanied his picture, should be equally well known to veterans. Legionnaire Walter M. Wood of Portsmouth, Ohio, whose letterhead indicates that he is Secretary and Treasurer of Company D, 326th Machine Gun Battalion Association, is the man to thank for the picture and this account of it:

"Former soldats who were on leave at Mentone, France, will no doubt recognize Louie, a French orphan who made his headquarters at the Y in Mentone, of whom I am enclosing a snapshot picture.

"I often saw this boy in and around the Casino at Mentone which had been converted into a Y. M. C. A. recreation building. While I heard a story about him, I cannot recall the source. It appears that he had been dug out from under a house which the Germans had shelled somewhere up in the Advance Area. He seemed to be everybody's charge down in Mentone.

"On the occasion of my taking his picture, I was over in Monte Carlo and found Louie over there A. W. O. L. I got him to accompany me, intending to return him to Mentone. In passing along the street in Monaco we encountered a squad of the ornately uniformed and helmeted Monaco soldiery. Louie made a dive for an abri behind me, yelling 'Boche! Boche!'

"It would be interesting indeed to learn what became of Louie. I am sorry I do not have or recall any further details about him."

Perhaps some of the other A. E. F. vacationers who visited Mentone may be able to add to this tale.

LATELY we have shied away somewhat from those "first" and "youngest" and "last shot" controversies that seem to be unsolvable, but here we stick out our neck again, egged on by ex-gob Walter W. Williams of 3503 Santiago Street, Tampa, Florida, who now advances the question of "the youngest American in France" during wartime. All right, Williams, state your case, and then we'll sit back and see what our Legion audience (Continued on page 60)



TURN RIGHT

FOR FULL-BODIED "NO-BITE" SMOKING

PA'S COOLNESS, SMOOTHNESS PUT NEW JOY IN YOUR PIPE—THAT GOOD, RICH TASTE ADDS EVEN MORE!

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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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SO MILD—SO TASTY!

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Battle-Line Bossy

(Continued from page 1)

coffee—when they were able to have their coffee.

She brought smiles to the men, but she did more. She brought what was then said and so far as known what is yet believed to have been the broadest smile from General Pershing of any incident during the war. It was on her long march from St. Mihiel. The word was flashed down our line that the Commander-in-Chief of the A. E. F. was a few miles ahead awaiting our passing that he might give us "the once over." Fears came to us all. Would General Pershing countenance an artillery regiment "attaching" to itself

a cow? Would he reprove the regimental commander, Albert Cox, who had silently given his assent to our project? Profound relief was had when the outfit, its personnel facing the sun again after nights of rain, passed along and saw a wide grin cover the face of the Commander of the American Armies as the cow strutted along in charge of her proud captors. The word came down from those near General Pershing that his reaction was more than a smile. It was a hearty laugh.

And thus this German cow, having scaled its last barrier, soon after the Argonne and the Armistice, went with

her regiment into Luxembourg, where she was sold to a German for around \$300. This money provided the men of the detail with ample funds for a huge Christmas feast which was given at Colmar-Berg. There, overlooking the beautiful castle and estate of the then duchess and her sisters, the men enjoyed their Christmas dinner of barbecued pig and other food bought with funds derived from the sale of a German cow taken in the regiment's first engagement, a cow to which they had now become "attached" but which was returning to its fatherland.

Then Came Summerall

(Continued from page 19)

headquarters during the early months in France is still pretty uncertain and probably will not be fully known for many years. We only know that the 42d's artillery was good (as the Germans later testified); and that when General Bullard took over the First Division as it was about to go into the lines in the Toul sector in December, he found the artillery of that unit under command of an officer of great skill and reputation—but an engineer, who did not understand artillery and did not like it. Bullard asked General Pershing for a regular artilleryman, preferably Summerall or Lassiter. They gave him Summerall. In the first telephonic code made up for use on the front the name assigned to the new commander of the First Artillery Brigade was "Sitting Bull," and it has stuck to him ever since.

In that quiet sector there was not much chance for Summerall to try out his ideas in battle, but he did have a chance to prove one of his pet theories—that artillery exists, not for itself, but solely to help and support the infantry. When they moved into the trenches the first thing he did was to discover that "the communications net was entirely inadequate." He cured the deficiency by having a new set of telephone wires installed for the guns, running from the forward infantry positions through a switchboard at artillery H. Q. direct to the batteries. A general order was sent down for the use of this set of wires; when requests for artillery support came from the men in the trenches, they were to be passed direct to battery without reference to the artillery or divisional staff.

On March 19th the Germans gave this system a tryout by staging a full-dress raid, a whole battalion of storm-troops coming over behind a surprise box-bar-

rage. It was a method that had been used many times before in the war, and usually with success. Under the normal set-up, British, French or German, the attacked infantry would yell for help to its own H. Q., infantry H. Q. would refer the matter to artillery, artillery would get a couple of batteries on the job in time to inflict a few casualties on the raiding party while it was going home. This time it was different; the minute the German storm troops left their trenches they were crowned by one of the most destructive small shoots of the war. The raiding party never did get to the American lines, and before it could return to the safety of its own had lost all its officers and over half its personnel.

In the vast tumult of the war an incident like that bulked small, but it, and the fine work of Summerall's guns during the Cantigny operation in the spring, caught the eye of the general staff. When Bullard was moved up to a corps command on July 17th, General Summerall received the crack First Division as his own command; and twenty-four hours later, through a storm of tropical violence, the Division went into the Soissons attack, the first large-scale offensive under the Stars and Stripes.

From "Sitting Bull's" point of view the arrangements for that attack were thoroughly unsatisfactory. He had the normal artillery equipment for a World War Division, but this consisted of no more than the regular divisional guns with a small reinforcement from corps, and he did not think there were enough to quiet the German machine-guns on his front. There was no time for him to get more into position, and he was convinced that to attack with what he had would cost many lives. It was one of those cases so often met with in war

where you're damned if you do and damned if you don't. What could he do?

He could remember a line from the memoirs of General Skobelev, hero of the Russian-Turkish war of 1877. "Troops under fire from directly in front will not reply on an oblique." And this was the fact he used. Instead of sending all the regiments of the Division over the top together, Summerall had each regiment attack in succession and covered the advance of each in turn with the entire artillery fire of the Division, some firing straight ahead, the others from angles out on the flanks. As Skobelev had predicted the Germans replied only to the fire from straight ahead. The shooting from the wings, carried on without interference from the enemy batteries, overmatched them; with God's help and Summerall's, the First took Berzy-le-Sec, they took Chaudun, they took German battery positions where every man was killed around the guns, they outmarched the French on their left and the Marocs on their right, they reached their second objectives before evening of the first day. "That night," German Chancellor von Hertling wrote, "even the most optimistic among us understood that all was lost."

The attack still had an unsatisfactory feature; it slowed after the first rush. Summerall attributed this to the fact that the guns could not get forward rapidly enough to support the continued advance of his doughboys. When the Division moved down for the St. Mihiel offensive, he eliminated this difficulty by studying the sector maps for routes that would permit his cannon to move up during the early stages of the operation. These routes were in German hands; but they were carefully indicated to his artillerists and they were forbidden to

shell any points on them, so that no matter how much the ground was torn up within the enemy lines during the preparation fire, there would still be solid ground for the advance of the guns. The system worked; four hours after the jump-off the First Division's artillery was already well beyond the original point from which the infantry had moved, firing barrages for the second successful attack of the day.

The general still believes the American Army could have gone right on into Metz; instead they went into the Meuse-Argonne. The part the First played there was to make that terrific attack on the Montfagne and Fléville in the early days of October, a soldiers' battle, in which they met no less than five German Divisions in succession, two of them Divisions of Guards. As the First was marching back on the 11th October, Charles P. Summerall, who had come to France a colonel, received word that he had been appointed to command a Corps in the second stage of the Meuse-Argonne drive. The first order he issued was one putting the First's artillery back in line to help support the 42d, by which it had just been relieved.

His main problem was to plan a big attack for the first of November against the Kriemhilde Line, across the steep ridge of Barricourt and down to the banks of the Meuse. If that succeeded the Germans were done, for their lateral railroads would be gone, they could no longer supply the front north and west; and Summerall understood pretty clearly that it had better succeed or he was done, for General Pershing had given him four of the five most experienced Divisions in the A. E. F., with one big new unit which had done well at St. Mihiel. But now at last, as a corps commander, he could dispose of enough artillery.

He arranged for the Second and 89th to carry the attack, with the First and 42d in close support, and the 32d in corps reserve; but the artillery of all five Divisions was pushed forward to support the attack of two. Far forward, farther forward than artillery had been in the war before, even the heavy guns. "Whenever we saw one of those damn 75's," General McGlachlin says, the man who commanded the 155 heavies, "we decided we weren't far enough up and moved on." Never before had an attack been made with more than 125 guns to a Division; on this front there were 608 for two. To every German machine gun two 75's or a 155 were assigned; to every German battery a whole battery of heavies; and all the American guns were warned to keep silent till the attack began.

One final bit of preparation. In the earlier Meuse-Argonne attack the Germans had hurt the advancing infantry by pushing little knots of machine-gunners out through the curtain of preparation fire into the zone of the old no-man's land. This (Continued on page 42)



What Is TELEVISION?

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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

NEW YORK—VISIT THE "HOUSE OF MAGIC" AT THE FAIRS—SAN FRANCISCO

Then Came Summerall

(Continued from page 41)

time Summerall ordered his attack to begin with a retreat, every American pulling back 200 yards from the front line positions to give these German machine-gunners time to get set, after which the barrage would begin—at the American front line.

The war correspondents were called into corps headquarters to be told about the arrangements just before the advance began. They listened with respect, but one veteran was struck by the fact that certain usual arrangements were missing.

"But how are you going to deal with the counter-attack?" he asked.

Summerall looked at him. "Gentlemen, there will be no counter-attack."

As he finished the sentence the world rocked with the shock of 608 guns. He was right; there was no counter-attack; it did not have time to get organized. The Second and 80th were into German battery positions and had captured three regiments entire on the first morning; and on the second night of that whirlwind drive one German Division (the 15th Bavarian) came out of line with exactly 277 men left.

IT HAS been just Summerall's luck that the best things he ever did got him into the most trouble. Out of that November 1st victory, so rapid and complete, described by one German officer as "the

best operation by any army during the war," grew the famous "race for Sedan" and the controversy that followed it. The Meuse River slanted across the V Corps front from right to left. When Summerall's right elements touched the river, his left was crowded over still farther to the left. They were far ahead of other American troops on that side, and of the French out beyond the Americans; beyond the flank lay German elements whose strength and position neither Summerall nor his commanders could know. If they went straight ahead, these Germans might take them in flank and rear; but if they kept on slanting leftward till they reached Sedan, they would cut the communications of those flanking Germans, who would have to surrender or get out of there quick.

That was the technical justification for the wild march to Sedan made by Summerall's men, in which his own First Division took the lead. A jawbone rumor, very common among the newspaper men then and later, says there was more than technical justification—that someone at G. H. Q. sent Summerall verbal assurances that if his troops got into Sedan everything would be all right in spite of the fact that he would be violating corps and army boundaries.

The First reached the outskirts of

Sedan, but everything was distinctly not all right. The rush for Sedan was made by night, and in the dark, elements of the First crossed the front of the 42d, placing under arrest a man in American uniform and a funny hat who said he was General MacArthur, and who turned out to be perfectly right. When the hills around Sedan were reached there were the French coming up on the other side with fire in their eyes and the intention of bombarding the place whether there were any Americans in it or not. Their national pride would not allow anyone else to take the place.

There was a magnificent controversy afterward, and it has been going on ever since. It could not do any particular harm to Summerall's professional reputation; everything he said had been justified on the battlefield. But it formed a convenient peg on which a lot of people hung their personal dislike for the energetic and somewhat arbitrary general. However, it is worth noting that the men who know him best, the veterans of the First Division, get up and roar when his name is mentioned; and Father Duffy, who began by calling him "that old prooshan, von Summerholtz," ended by describing him as one of the finest and most intelligent men he had ever known.

A Big Stick for Uncle

(Continued from page 15)

us, who had had it on a dollar a day, about the waste and cost of war in blood and treasure. They would discover to us that peace is better than war when nobody has as good a reason as we to know that it is.

We were told that to disarm was the sure way to keep the fellow who was armed from taking a crack at you.

So lower your mitts before the bully and the two of you would soon be in loving embrace. I agree you would be in his embrace, all right, but he would have you by the throat in a hold-up as he picked your pocket for a war indemnity.

There is no sillier illusion than that to arm invites war.

I live in a secluded place in the country. There have been a good many burglars in the region. I have a revolver.

But I do not use the revolver to go out in the road and threaten people. If a burglar comes I hope to get the drop on him, and that will save further argument and trouble. The fact that it is known I have a revolver and the reputation of knowing how to shoot with it may lead the burglars to pass my house by. I have

seen so much of war that I am bound to be a peaceable citizen and not want to start any shooting if I can help it.

Have you ever noticed that if a member of The American Legion ever gets off the reservation and breaks the law the fact that he is a Legion man is always noted? That is news of the man-bites-dog kind. It seems to be taken for granted that Legionnaires are naturally peaceable fellows who stand for law and order; and that, too, has been our unchanging national policy against all racketeering and crime.

We do not forget that force protects us in our daily lives in time of peace. It carries out all the judgments and orders of our courts.

Suppose a city awakened tomorrow morning to find that there was no police force, no National Guard, no Regulars. How long before there would be looting and murder?

In such an emergency there would be a call through Legion Post Commanders to get the Legionnaires out on patrol with clubs if they had no arms. In the same way force protects the nation in

peace. But tell this in the past to pacifists of the capital P and they slipped away from the subject.

In the past, as I took care to put it—the past in which they were up in cloud-land or running circles at one side while the Legion kept on the main road.

In recent months a strange thing has happened—but not so strange, since it has happened before. All the pacifist elements have turned urgently, flamingly militant. Some of them make me feel like a capital P pacifist in comparison.

Suddenly they got scared. They saw us as being under showers of bombs, invaded, conquered. They wanted heavy armament and vast preparation for war—wanted it immediately, just as we did in 1917.

They thought preparedness was something you could buy in a hurry. They did not realize, for example, that it takes five years to build a battleship, and you must first have the yards in which to build; a year to build a bombing plane and you must have factories in which to build it.

Nor did they know that the Legion's

steadfast policy had had its small results through the years, and its big results in the last five years. The basis had been prepared in increase of our armed strength for a further adequate increase required now.

In a talk with a recent convert to preparedness, who was actually preaching its necessity to this old hand, he eventually wandered around the lot until he was back as an incurable to his old fixed idea about the Legion. He said the Legion was naturally bound to encourage the martial spirit, war for war's sake, for the sake of the great adventure. But he was for preparedness to insure peace and security.

You have to be patient with a case like his and "show" him. And there was the evidence to show him.

National convention after national convention has backed any treaty, any sound effort by our country to promote peace, backed it for a fair trial, in the hope it might succeed—and backed friendship with all peoples in common human world interest. The while we would not lower our guard against possible enemy blows.

Then, in the zeal of his new found light, the convert was off about Americanism, the elimination of dangerous alien elements, native or foreign-born, which would overthrow our Government. He was against any race prejudice within our borders and for the preservation of religion in free worship and the brotherhood of a patriotism.

"You must have been reading the Legion constitution," I told him. There again was the record. It is in action as well as words, through the twenty years for Americanism. We had the brotherhood drilled into, injected into us. "Buddy" expressed it.

Who of us in his early days in the service did not meet another man who did not seem to us "our kind" only to find him qualified in the test that made us all more of the same American kind? This lesson we learned we would pass on to our children. There was a time when our "God and Country" sounded a little top-lofty to some materialists. It has never sounded so real and true as today.

We look back to our unpreparedness when we entered the war in 1917, and not even one modern plane worth sending to France. Circumstances had kept our little Regular Army out of touch with civil life. There was chaos in Washington as man-power sought drillmasters and the armed services and industry sought teamwork.

Do not forget that to the end of war in France we were dependent upon supplies of Allied planes, guns and machine guns. Who wants ever to be dependent in that fashion again? How many lives did we sacrifice because we were unready?

Today our planes are unsurpassed in quality. We have a larger, better equipped force of (Continued on page 44)

"Boy—the whole world looks swell through a pipeload of VELVET"

Velvet

- the **MILDNESS** of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood
- the **FLAVOR** of pure maple sugar for extra good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette

Better smoking tobacco

Better tobacco for both

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A Big Stick for Uncle

(Continued from page 43)

Regulars and National Guard. Among our 100,000 reserve officers are experts in all kinds of industry who will be immediately called into service in case of war.

No bombing plane at present can go more than 800 miles with a full bomb load. How soon will one be able to go three or four times as far? We must keep watch. The plane wastage in war will be at least 25 percent a month. We need a backlog of planes—have enough of the machines of war to start with and be assured of rapid production if war comes.

But war cannot be won by machines alone. They are won by men, who pay the cruel, unnecessary price if they are not well armed and trained. The Legion stands for men and the mothers and

wives of men. It has held fast to the view that the universal draft, when you ask a man to offer his life, is only fair, and that the war profiteer should not flourish at the expense of the man at the front.

While the world armament race continues all the gaps in our program by land and sea should be filled, our men by land and sea should have all the up-to-date arms in detail from big guns to rifles which will make them as well armed as any possible enemy.

We do not know where the next big flood or big wind will come in our country. But we may be assured the Legion will be there with the aid of its fellowship, organization and heart.

Nor do we know how or when the next

war will come. But we would have the nation ready for it next time; and if we are ready we may be safe in our manifest strength without having a single war cripple or without having to fire a single shot.

The truth is that a lot of people have just been catching up with the Legion, and we are glad of it. Honor is due us in our own country as expert prophets who have stood for sound preparedness, for peace with honor and without truculence, Americanism, freedom of religious worship, against racial animosities, crime and racketeering and all subversive elements in the continuance, as servants of peace, of the brotherhood we were proud to show in the war.

Archie Grows Up

(Continued from page 26)

searchlights of 800,000,000 candlepower are synchronized with the sound locators to give Archie eyes at night. When turned on, they throw their beams more than twenty miles and illumine the skies to a height of 20,000 feet. In less than thirty seconds after the signal comes from the sound locator to turn on the searchlights, the gunners normally pick up the target and are ready to track its flight.

Though Archie is the principal actor in the antiaircraft defense, there are others in the cast. There are .30 and .50 caliber machine guns to use against low-flying planes. There is the new little 37 automatic to cover the medium ranges. Last but not least, there is our own Air Corps, many of whose ships will have to work together with Archie to keep away hostile planes.

Archie's rise to favor has been accompanied by becoming modesty. Just as in 1917-18 his value was belittled, so there is now a danger that his importance may be over-emphasized. Archie knows he is no substitute for a fighting plane. He realizes that the way to defeat an enemy force in the air is to pit against him planes of equal or greater power and pilots and gunners who know how to shoot and maneuver.

He recognizes the fact, however, that once committed to war, the job of the Air Corps is to seek out the enemy armada and to defeat it before it can do any damage to us, and that behind the fliers he can play a very helpful and important role.

In the defense of America in the air, Archie occupies the same position that

the coast artillery holds in protecting our shores from the sea. Against another navy, our best defense is an aggressive fleet capable of going out on the high seas and destroying the enemy. Should our Navy fail, or should the enemy slip through and try to seize our harbors or to destroy some of our military or commercial facilities, the guns and the troops of the coast artillery are there to repel his efforts.

Similarly, our best air defense is in an Air Corps capable of taking an offensive and in a band of Archies in support. With Archie available to repel those planes that sneak through the Air Corps' cordon and to guard home installations and hangars against long-range bombers, fighting planes can go out and do a better job in defeating the enemy.

Fists over Finland

(Continued from page 9)

three yards and sank to the turf. British officials surrounded him. British spectators tried to cheer him into consciousness. Finally, the poor little fellow got to his feet, plodded on twenty more yards and fell to a knee. He was out, couldn't finish. But the British were for him.

So, with customary gallantry, a half dozen English officials lifted Dorando to his feet and carried him around the track and across the line.

At that moment a new figure jogged through the gate. On his dirty shirt was sewed the shield that identified him as an American. This was the figure of curly-headed Johnny Hayes, of New York.

He was in great form. With graceful, easy strides he circled the track, crossed the finish—and sat down to rest.

Coach Murphy and American teammates gathered about Hayes, congratulating him on his great run and on his victory. They told him how Dorando had fouled out.

Then came the megaphoned announcement: "Marathon winner, Dorando of Italy! Second, Hayes of United States!"

For a second time Coach Murphy went through near apoplexy. He refused to allow Hayes to accept the second-place ribbon. "You won on your own!" screamed the coach. "Dorando was carried across the

finish! I'll protest to the Committee, to the Press, to the King himself!"

And he did, for four hours, accompanied by English hisses, until even Italy conceded that Johnny Hayes was the real winner. Dorando achieved martyrdom. An international incident was averted.

Then there were the finals of the 100-meter dash in Stockholm during 1912. Odds-on to win was the South African comet, G. H. Patching, a very, very nervous fellow. His chief rivals were strong and silent Ralph Craig, and Lip-pincott, both of the United States.

At the starting marks, all of the run-

ners were jumpy, but none like Patching. His body was electric and trembling. He ran on nervous energy. And Ralph Craig was out to beat him. In those days there was no penalty against false starts, and Craig had a carnival. Six times he broke before the gun, dragging poor pins and-needles Patching after him. The final time, comrade Lippincott jumped the gun, pulling Patching over the entire century at top-speed.

Returning to the starting pockets, Patching was a physical wreck. His body was limp. It is said the South African was so wrought up he was actually weeping.

Determined not to be hoodwinked an eighth time, Patching dug deep into the dirt holes, forcing himself to stay put—and so, when the gun finally started the dash, the others were twenty meters off before Patching even got going. Craig won with ease. Patching came in sixth and last.

The South Africans never forgot it, and for a while considered mailing time bombs to the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, that haven of good sportsmanship.

In that same year of 1912 there was another unpleasant incident when Jim Thorpe, who had made football history while playing for the Carlisle Indians, was forced to give back to the King of Sweden the cups which he had won in pentathlon and decathlon, the all-round competitions. Someone who had played semi-professional baseball with Thorpe in North Carolina told a newspaperman about it when the Indian's name was blazoned on the sports pages of the nation, and the fat was in the fire. The 1500-meters race in the 1912 games gave the English a chance to gloat, for while the Americans who had been conceded the three first places in that event were watching each other closely, A. N. S. Jackson of Oxford University swept by them to victory, leaving Taber, Kiviat and Jones the consolation places.

In 1916, the Olympics were replaced by the World War. No one seemed to note the difference.

The 1928 Olympics in Amsterdam were surprisingly free from nose-tweaking and bloodshed until the finals of the 400-meters contest. It was chiefly a battle between Ray Barbuti of the United States and Ball of Canada. With the crack of the pistol, Ball catapulted into the lead, Barbuti only a stride behind, straining every tendon, but unable to pass the fleet Canadian.

As the tape loomed, Barbuti, realizing he couldn't win on his feet, leaped off the ground, hurtled through space, cracked the ribbon two inches ahead of Ball—and landed on his sideburns.

Sure, Barbuti won, but the Canadians put up a squawk heard around the world. They claimed the 400-meters was a foot race—and that if Mr. Barbuti wanted to finish contests in mid-air, he should have entered the high-dive.

Despite Mr. Roosevelt's border blessings, Canada and the United States have never since been really the same, as good nextdoor neighbors.

The 1932 Olympics in Los Angeles got off to a flying start when the International Amateur Athletic Federation declared Finland's star, Paavo Nurmi, ineligible

because of professionalism. Finland grumbled through the Olympics and after, even though comparative times proved that Mr. Nurmi would have been trounced in all three of his specialties, had he been allowed to compete. Nurmi had had his day—with record breaking performances in both (Continued on page 46)

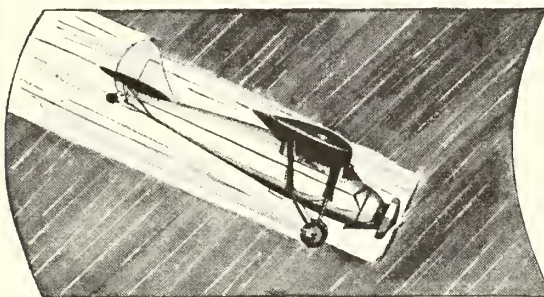
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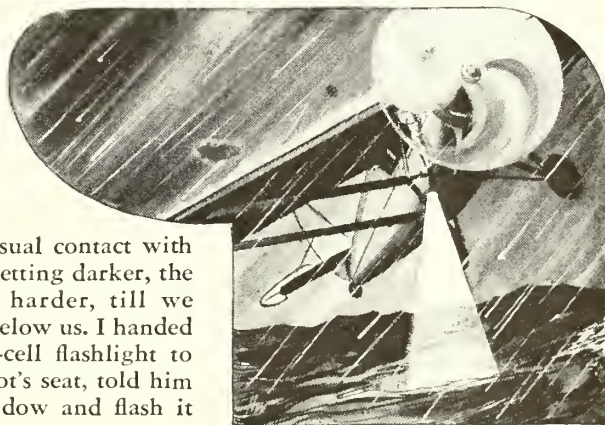
OLEN V. ANDREW

① "I had flown four friends over to Lihue, on the island of Kauai for a weekend of camping on the beach," writes Olen V. Andrew, P. O. Box 3295, Honolulu, T. H.



② "We broke camp at three o'clock Monday morning, packed our dunnage in the plane and crawled in for the 100 mile hop back to Honolulu, all of it being over water. There was no moon, but the night was clear when we started. Five minutes later..."

③ "...we ran into a driving rainstorm. I couldn't fly over it, I didn't have proper instruments for flying through it, so the only thing to do was to get down low and keep visual contact with the water. But it kept getting darker, the rain fell harder and harder, till we couldn't see the water below us. I handed my big 'Eveready' five-cell flashlight to the fellow in the co-pilot's seat, told him to hold it out the window and flash it below..."



④ "...and there was the sea, only four feet below us! Those long Pacific rollers were almost lapping at the wheels! My heart skipped a beat to think how I had brought five people within inches of their doom! Certainly it was the power of those 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries that saved us all, and that kept us safe above the sea for the next half hour till the storm lifted. You can take it from me, I don't fly without 'em.

(Signed) *Olen V. Andrew*

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Fists over Finland

(Continued from page 45)

the 1924 and 1928 Olympics when in his prime.

The same California Olympics were marred by a hullabaloo over the Japanese swimmers, most of them fourteen-year-old kids, who trimmed the United States in the 800 meters, and cracked the prevailing record by 38 full seconds! Their triumphs in all events were so amazing, that Kusuo Kitamura, Shozo Makino and Y. Miyasaki were accused of wearing mechanical contraptions to give them more speed, or of being jacked-up by some kind of unknown dope.

Japan resented the implications, but was distracted from retorting by activities in China.

Two years ago, the Olympics in Berlin were expected to be a display of brotherly love. Instead, Germany converted the winter sport competition into a modified concentration camp. Then there were charges that Dutch swimmers were offered bribes to throw a few events to the Germans—and Miss Helen Stephens, America's rangy sprint ace, was accused by Poland of being a man.

It seemed that Poland was represented by the unbeaten and invincible Stella Walsh, whose best time in the Olympic dash had been 11.9. When Miss Stephens, of Missouri, went out and ran Miss Walsh into the dirt, and broke her record to smithereens, Poland decided

Helen Stephens must be of male gender.

There were many angry words, until the A. A. U. officials and the Polish officials stripped comely Miss Stephens of her bloomers, displayed her in the nude, and showed that she was plenty woman. And that was that. Poland was no more embarrassed than Miss Stephens.

So now you know why Baron de Coubertin kept the Olympics four years apart. Because it takes that long before the participating nations will speak to one another again. But what the devil, if the Olympics promoted international friendship, there'd be no one to look at them. Who ever goes to a prize-fight just to see the lads shake hands?

My Gravy Train

(Continued from page 7)

head of the military police was practically unlimited. Also under my jurisdiction fell control of all the pastimes and pleasures not referred to in letters home or in the reports of the Y. M. C. A. There were, I know, Provosts in France who attempted to regulate life for the soldiers according to the standards of Small Falls, Nebraska. These constituted themselves as a combination Anti-Saloon League and Blue Law Society. They even went to the extent of attempting to dictate just what kind of girls it was proper to walk with on the village greens. But it seemed to me that the good old spirit of tolerance would be the best to apply. I realized that if all the places of pleasure, doubtful or otherwise, were closed with a bang, that sooner or later the volcano would explode. After the resulting fire-works were over, there would probably be one less Marine on duty as chief of police.

All the cafés were supposed to be closed at ten o'clock. However, I allowed to remain open after hours, two cafés for enlisted men and another for officers. Naturally, there was also a quiet hide-out for myself. The advantage of this system is easily seen. Except in rare instances, any riot that started was almost sure to occur in one of these places. Thus, the military police did not have to scout all over town hunting up places where trouble might start. A situation the reverse of this was created all over the United States during Prohibition. Prior to Mr. Volstead's error, the police knew where trouble might be expected. But during Prohibition, even with the Federal Government helping out, nobody knew exactly where to look.

The powers of a Provost Marshal did

not, of course, extend over the French civilian population. However, I could at will place any section off limits for Americans. The mere threat to cut off the supply of American money had more effect on a French citizen than an offer to burn down his house and run off with his wife. Very shortly I had an opportunity to test this out.

One evening, feeling the need of a short, powerful one, I wandered into the Hotel de Sud. This contained the largest bar in town and was the most popular meeting place.

Seating myself in a corner, I was much chagrined that the owner, who knew me very well, did not rush immediately over and take my order. He finally wandered over my way, but stopped at the next table and chatted for a time with a civilian. The latter was drinking an aperitif, which looked and probably tasted like mouth wash. Strange drinkers those frogs. Finally catching the proprietor's eye, I wished him bon soir and started to give him my order, when he very pointedly turned and walked away. Possibly he had just had a fight with Madame his wife, or was merely feeling below par. That, however, was of no interest to me. Much as I wanted to wrench off a table leg and go into action, I restrained myself, knowing that it would not be seemly for an officer to give the works to an inn-keeper.

Arising from my table, I announced to the assembled gentlemen in khaki that the Hotel de Sud had just that moment been declared out of bounds. I stated further that anyone who hesitated long enough to pay his check would shortly be on his way to the guard house.

A few moments later, the astounded

proprietor, some few Frenchmen and myself were quite alone. Turning to the proprietor I informed him that as a lesson in politeness no American money would be spent in his establishment for the next ten days. During that time, I added, I would think the matter over and consider whether or not to make the ban permanent.

The next evening, as I strolled past the deserted-looking hotel, the proprietor dashed forth and seized me by the arm. He smiled, bowed, and asked if I would not do him the extreme honor of granting him an interview in his café. For a moment I hesitated, but further inducement was offered in the shape of a family heirloom. A rare old bottle of 1875 brandy. This bottle, he declared, had been waiting patiently among the cobwebs of his cellar for just such a great occasion as now presented itself.

Allowing myself to be led inside, I sat in dignified silence waiting for him to make good his promise. This he did and presently I began to feel slightly less insulted and invited him to join me. When the contents of the bottle had been reduced to a proper level, the proprietor made himself a speech. In it I was offered everything that the hotel offered, including a partnership in the bar receipts, if only I would allow those most excellent of all soldiers, the Americans, to return and adorn his bar.

Following his oratory I read the riot act, being assisted greatly by the bottled grape that we had been consuming. I stated that in so far as he was concerned, there was to be no other law than myself. I refused the offer of a financial partnership, but suggested that when I appeared in the future a container of the

very choicest should be brought out instantly. This small item could undoubtedly be charged off to general overhead. I also hinted that it would be a good idea to bring up at the next meeting of the local café owners association the subject of Provost Marshals and how they should be treated.

The cognac now having gotten in its full work, I became generous and said that I would again permit the American soldiers to enter and help with the mortgage. Evidently the underground wires were put to work for my rise to favor with the café proprietors was instantaneous. I never again had to give an order in a café in the city. A mere expression as to what kind of a thirst was on me and the inner man was immediately attended to.

The café situation now being taken care of, I next turned my attention to the question of personal transportation. True, I had a motorcycle sidecar to move me around, but the Headquarters garage was overflowing with handsome touring cars and limousines. These were intended for the use of various generals and sometimes their aides.

Late one afternoon, I passed out word to the military police that they were to pick up all chauffeurs. They were to do this if the drivers were doing anything that they should not or even for things that they should be attending to. When the net closed in, about half the drivers of the transport company were in the guard house.

Calling upon the commander of this outfit, I told him that it pained me to find that his men were so far out of hand. I desired to discuss the matter with him in a friendly spirit, as I knew that he could not operate efficiently with half of his command in the jug. Perhaps, I suggested, he would rather discipline his outfit himself, instead of having a court martial attend to the matter. If so, I would be glad in the future to turn over to him any members of his command found playing hide and go seek with the articles of war in town.

He looked at me with a speculative eye. "Is there," he inquired, "any favor that I could perhaps grant in return?"

I admitted that there was. "Riding on a motor cycle," I complained, "is tiring. I should like to know that I had a car and driver at my disposal day or night whenever I felt a desire to visit the surrounding countryside."

A few moments later I left. My name was added to the roster of those favored few having an open or closed automobile assigned to them, depending upon the state of the weather.

Thereafter, when I traveled about I toured in style.

Writing my own passes I felt secure, knowing that my resourceful clerk, one Private Katz, would tell all those who inquired for me that "the lieutenant just stepped out."

This last was very true and could have

been verified in some gay café far away.

My procedure upon arriving in a strange town, was to immediately look up the local Assistant Provost Marshal. If he turned out to be a congenial soul I would invite him to come over to my village, hinting strongly that from what I had seen of his local talent it was not up to standard. I would boast that my sector contained the fairest maidens and choicest wines in all of France.

This statement would wound his pride. Rushing forth he would round up the most winsome of the village charmers for

my inspection and approval at the local drink emporium. Here we would sit and argue over their relative charms, partaking the while of sparkling inspirational juices. Should we be unable to agree as to which was the most attractive, we would move over to the next town carrying with us in my car an equal number of blondes and brunettes. Here we would rout out another Provost and request him to preside as judge in a beauty contest, a duty which was never refused.

A tour of inspection and research, such as this, would often (Continued on page 48)



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My Gravy Train

(Continued from page 47)

take a week or more and usually ended up by my taking a short detour in and out of Paris. I would return to my own bailiwick, exhausted by my labors, but much enlightened as to why the German Army was striving so earnestly to capture France.

Down by Chaumont's gas works was a place known as the *Maison Publique*. It was the abode and gathering place of ladies of no virtue, who let it be known publicly and for pay. For American soldiers this was at the time as far out of bounds as Berlin.

One day, while resting in my office after a hard night of non-military labor, I received a visit from the medical officer in charge of the local base hospital. He stated that the number of soldiers being placed off duty by reason of their going places with people with whom they ought not to be too friendly, was mounting rapidly. Something had to be done about the matter.

I replied that the customary procedure was then for a sergeant from my office to tour the city in a small ambulance in company with a French gendarme. They would pick up and incarcerate in the French civilian hospital various indicated persons. However, said I, if he thought that this was not keeping matters under proper control, we had better try and work out some other solution. After some thought we finally decided that I should take more stringent measures, in the interest of all concerned, and most particularly myself. A few weeks went by and the doctor reported to me that the off duty list was decreasing.

On my part I had observed that my sergeant and the gendarme spent most of their time sitting in the office and playing Franco-American pinochle. But a storm I had not observed was gathering on the horizon.

One day I received a summons to appear before the Post Commandant immediately, if not sooner. When I arrived he informed me that the Y. M. C. A. had reported to him they had inside information that the General Staff was running a shady palace, with red lanterns swinging gaily from the windows. What, inquired the Post Commandant, did I know about it?

I explained hastily that the entire plant was owned by the French. Ours was not a proprietary interest. The question involved was not one of morals, but sort of a War Risk Insurance to keep up the health rate.

The Post Commandant, who was an old army man, replied that he under-

stood all that very well. However, if a report similar to the one made to him went back to Washington, D. C., there would be many scalps hanging from the trees bordering Pennsylvania Avenue. The least important of these would be mine. He added, kindly enough, that he



"I'm from the *Daily Star*—any hold-ups here lately?"

did not give a particular damn if the war was won by American troops in wheel chairs. But he did not propose to be placed on the retired list because a bunch of reformers were interfering with the efforts of our soldiers to establish friendly relations with the French populace.

I returned to my office and ordered the *Maison Publique* not only closed but posted a special guard there to prevent any soldiers from entering. A few weeks later the medical officer reported that the hospital rate was again higher. I replied that my sergeant and the gendarme were also using up more government gasoline than ever before and hung up the receiver.

In the early summer of 1918 the Germans began to shell Paris with their long-range gun and about half of that city's population left for other points in

France. Whether or not this had anything to do with the sudden flow of civilians to Chaumont I cannot tell. Perhaps it was merely that word had leaped from table to table in the Parisian cafés that there existed wonderful financial opportunities for mademoiselles at American Headquarters. Be that as it may, most of the arrivals at Chaumont from Paris were girls.

I had two sergeants on duty at the railroad station. They were connected with my office by private wire. One of their unofficial orders was in regard to the daily Paris express.

When it arrived they were supposed to call up and render a report as to the pulchritude of the incoming cargo. Those fellows could pick 'em. I always suspected them of holding out on me, for they were old timers and very resourceful. They had been in all corners of the world with the Marines. They had matched wits with junior officers on the Shanghai Bund, while I was still playing with dolls in the nursery.

But I was no dummy, at that. Occasionally I would threaten to transfer them back to camp. When I did, I was usually rewarded with addresses and information which had theretofore been kept hidden from the Master of Ceremonies.

This system of liaison between the station and my office was a great help. It gave my friends and myself an opportunity to pass many a pleasant evening before higher rank enticed the fair visitors away from our sides.

It might seem in this connection that I am handing out the palm of victory in the battle of pleasure not to the then-younger generation, but to those who were of more advanced years.

Well, I am!

While the younger military element would be out roaming around in the early morning hours, our elders, having been through the mill before, wasted no time in foolish gestures. They, knowing that the years left to them were not many, went straight to the back of the book and pulled out the answers.

The middle-aged boys were on the loose, three thousand miles from home. This situation, they well knew, does not often arise in life. They took full advantage of whatever opportunities came around, which was often. This was the world's largest convention. If, when walking down the corridors, sounds of merriment came from a room, they were in on the party. A famous general,

well past the half-century mark, showed his excellent judgment and grasp of the situation in a statement made while assisting a fair companion into a Paris taxi.

"Go slowly, driver," said the general. "I'm in a great hurry."

Just off the public square in Chaumont was the municipal theater. This had been built about the time that Shakespeare was making his reputation in England. It had been remodeled but once since that time, when seats had been substituted for wooden benches. Here the French vaudeville circuit of 1917-18 held forth, and I must admit that it did very well by itself. The acts, of necessity, were practically all feminine, as most of the French actors were at the front giving a benefit show for Germany.

At one performance several American soldiers, carried away by enthusiasm and cognac, had climbed over the footlights and introduced themselves to a singing and dancing act. After that I had a guard stationed back-stage. This post was much sought after by the M. P.'s, I remember.

One Monday there arrived an act billed as the twelve chérie sisters. With so many, the law of averages would seem to apply. I invited a lieutenant from the Intelligence Staff to accompany me, as he had previously been unjustly complaining about the lack of variety in town. We arrived when the show was about half over, and it was immediately evident that the law of averages was not only very good but excellent.

There was one damsel in particular who in our combined estimation could easily have made the front row of any Broadway show. The Intelligence Department immediately went to work on this prospect. Since he spoke excellent French and was also quite handsome, he soon made great headway. During the intermission he painted for this beauty a word picture of the delights and pleasures of Chaumont, with himself as a guide, that was a masterpiece. He wound up by asking her to wine and dine with him after the show, an invitation that was accepted as soon as the girl had a chance to say "oui."

Shortly after the final curtain, the girls began to emerge from their dressing room, ready for the street.

With them came a young boy of about fifteen. He turned out to be the beauty of the show, minus a wig and dresses. He came right over and announced to the startled Intelligence Department that he was ready to drink up all the champagne that had been so kindly offered. The lieutenant uttered one squawk and disappeared into the night.

Never again was I able to entice him back to the theater. Whenever we met, thereafter, he would make disparaging remarks as to the efficiency of Provost Marshals in general and about me in particular as a provider of happy hunting grounds. (Continued on page 50)

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My Gravy Train

(Continued from page 49)

Of course, once in a while I had to do some work. Occasionally it was necessary to police up certain sections of the town. It must not be assumed that all soldiers were men of noble character who only thought of the higher things of life. Now and then some ex-steel or former mine workers would get charged up on the French equivalent of moonshine. Not being able to take on the Prussian Guard at the moment, they would commence an offensive operation against the nearest group. This could include brothers in arms or any and all portions of the Allied armies. A riot call would be turned in. Then it was that some of the sweetest battles ever fought without a barrage were staged in cafés and back alleys in Chaumont. The Military Police usually won, but not without suffering many casualties. On these occasions it was, of course, necessary to use strong-arm methods to keep from having the city razed, an event that had not happened since about the 15th Century.

But except for these minor disturbances, life flowed onward for me in that smooth and easy fashion accredited, theretofore, only to a certain Mr. Riley. Efficiency running rampant at G. H. Q. had increased my staff by two secret service men.

In civil life one had been a tire builder in Akron, Ohio. The other had run a steam shovel in New York City. I never discovered that they could be at all secret, but they could and did render excellent service as orderlies. In the morning when I showed up at the office one of them would dash up the street to a café. Shortly he would appear with a free breakfast which I would eat in a leisurely fashion at my desk.

Yes, indeed, the war was very, very tough up until now.

All good things, as is well known, cannot last forever. But if it had not been for a matter of Marine Corps' pride, and Army mules, I would undoubtedly have remained at General Headquarters until the Armistice.

The Marine Corps was very content to have us where we were. It was good advertising to say that General Pershing had chosen a company of Marines as his personal guard. As for General Headquarters, they had grown used to having us around. As long as everything went smoothly they were willing to let things remain as they were. Now our company had always had a complete complement of mules for the machine-gun carts. All that the company commander ever did was to take them out for exercise and see that they were well groomed. One day in October, 1918, the Post Commandant in looking around discovered these well-kept mules. He had his adjutant telephone the Marine Company Commander, ordering him to turn over the mules to the Remount Station. The Marine captain replied very haughtily that the mules in question were now Marine Corps mules and that the Army had absolutely no jurisdiction over the donks in question.

This conversation took place about noon.

That night a freight train pulled into the station. When it departed the former Headquarters' guard were on board headed for the front. I was with them, even though I had been on detached service as Provost Marshal, for it was an unwritten law that you stick with your own outfit.

Most of us were, at the moment, very glad to go. As yet we had no actual

knowledge of the war and our only experiences so far had shown us that war was a pretty swell affair.

Two nights later we were tramping along a muddy road that gave olfactory evidence of its leading through a super-charged stockyard. The sky in front of us was lit up by an occasional flare. Sounds as of a distant thunderstorm was borne to our ears.

A gigantic freight train began rushing towards us through the air. It arrived and blew up. I found myself lying in a ditch alongside the road, snuggling frantically to a very dead horse.

Here I remained, while the German artillery continued to send over cast-iron invitations to return home. My mind traveled back to Chaumont. I thought of the quiet, peaceful office I had left and of the case of beer which always reposed beneath my desk. Life had been so easy then. I didn't even have to bother about opening a bottle. One of my orderlies would do that. I swore to myself, pressing closer to the ex-horse, that if I ever got out alive, I would again get myself a soft berth if I had to brace the Secretary of War himself for it.

Three months later we were on the Rhine. By using the little ingenuity that had not been scared out of me, I became the manager of the Army swimming team. Thus I spent most of the spring and summer at the Inter-Allied Games in Paris. These I viewed, in the greater part, from the vantage point of the lounge in Henry's Bar.

Nobody knows who won the war.

But I do know who enjoyed it. I claim that the prize place was mine. However, as Bruce Bairnsfather once wrote, "If you knows of a better 'ole, go to it."

Referendum Follies

(Continued from page 23)

for instance, war against the Soviet republics seemed necessary to Americans.

The communists, whom we allow to remain here to say and write what they wish, believe that under the aegis of our democratic institutions they are making progress in a campaign against any-war-under-any-conditions. (Of course they would scream very loud for aggression against fascist-minded countries; that would be different.)

The pacifists and their allied pinks use the Munich agreement as an argument for the adoption of the Ludlow Amendment. They say that it was wrong to have the issue of peace or war for Britain and France left to Chamberlain and Daladier, that the peoples of those two great

democracies should have been canvassed to see whether indeed the democracies would fight if Hitler marched into democratic Czechoslovakia.

But where would that have left the British communists and pacifists? If they voted to fight Hitler wouldn't they be recreant to their expressed beliefs? And if they voted to take it lying down before fascist aggression wouldn't they be betraying Moscow? And suppose the vote turned out to be eighty percent for resistance to Hitler and twenty percent for submission, what would that mean?

No, the proposed Ludlow amendment is a good thing to sink right here and now. When by concerted action of the nations such a scheme seems likely to get to first

base in other democracies, such an amendment to the Constitution providing for the entire United States going into a town meeting vote on the question of war may be feasible.

But why should we stick our necks out? Alexander Pope's famous lines come to mind:

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Sound advice indeed concerning such a revolutionary proposal as that put forward by Congressman Ludlow and supported by various groups, many of which abhor the form of government under which this nation has in the short

span of a hundred and fifty-three years grown to greatness.

There is no question that the advocates of the amendment are prepared to fight to attempt to push it to passage during this session of Congress, despite the demand of the majority of our people for adequate preparedness. When the time comes, every Legionnaire and every member of the Auxiliary must be prepared to enter the fight against the resolution. Powerful forces are advocating its passage. The popular appeal of the proposal is not only confusing and misleading but dangerous to the very safety of our nation.

Now is the time for every Legionnaire to let his Congressman and Senators know that he is against any proposal to place in the Constitution a provision for a referendum on war.

ANOTHER important matter before the 76th Congress in which the Legion has had a keen interest since World War days is the matter of an adequate national defense. On January 12, 1939, President Roosevelt sent to the Congress a special message calling for expenditures of \$525,000,000, these in addition to the regular annual budgetary estimates, so that we may be more properly prepared. The President reminded the Congress and the nation of our total lack of preparedness in the World War when the United States "entering the war on April 6, 1917, took no part whatsoever in any major engagement until the end of May, 1918." Of the total sum suggested, the President recommended \$210,000,000 to be "actually spent from the Treasury before the end of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1940."

It was pointed out that a survey indicated approximately \$450,000,000 should be allocated for new needs of the Army, \$65,000,000 for new needs of the Navy, and \$10,000,000 for training of civilian air pilots. Included in these amounts is a proposal that 300 millions be appropriated for the purchase of several types of airplanes for the Army, which should provide a minimum increase of 3,000 planes, but the message expressed the hope that orders placed on such a large scale would materially reduce the unit cost and actually provide many more planes. This nation eventually should have a flying armada of 8,500 planes for both Army and Navy, an increase of 4,300 planes over their present combined force. These, it is now believed, would be a bare minimum necessary to protect the American mainland, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Canal Zone. Of the \$65,000,000 recommended in the message for the Navy, \$44,000,000 would go to strengthening naval bases and \$21,000,000 would go to speed up fulfillment of the Navy's goal of 3,000 first-class fighting planes.

Other recommendations asked approximately \$150,000,000 for the Army, of

which \$110,000,000 would go to provide "critical items" of equipment needed immediately in time of emergency and which cannot be obtained from any source within the time and quantity desired, such as anti-aircraft artillery, semi-automatic rifles, anti-tank guns, tanks, light and heavy artillery, ammunition, and gas masks; \$32,000,000 for "educational orders;" and the balance to be used for improving and strengthening the sea-coast defenses of Panama, Hawaii, and the continental United States, including the construction of a highway outside the limits of the Panama Canal Zone, important to the defense of the zone.

Once again the wisdom of the course adopted by The American Legion, especially with regard to its national defense program, is demonstrated. Since World War days, our organization has insisted on adequate defense forces. For several years, when pacifist societies were in the ascendancy, members of the Legion were regarded as "jingoists" because of these demands, but events in Europe and Asia, bickerings and quarrels among rulers, and the gloomy outlook for a peaceful future, all demonstrate that Legionnaires' insistence on an adequate national defense was based on experience, reason, and good sense.

The Legislative program consists of 197 resolutions calling for action by Congress. Obviously, limits of space prohibit covering the program even in a small part. At the meeting of the National Executive Committee last November, the major legislative program was designated as:

- (1) Protection for Widows and Orphans of World War veterans.
- (2) National Defense.
- (3) Universal Service.
- (4) Veterans Preference and Veterans Placement.
- (5) Immigration, Naturalization and Deportation.

Every one of these items is important and each of them will face some opposition in Congress. To carry this major legislative program, as well as important items on the secondary program, including those pertaining to the disabled, means an understanding interest and wholehearted cooperation on the part of everyone in the field. The fact must not be forgotten that the legislative program is not that of the national officers, of the National Legislative Committee or of any of the other National Committees, but that of every individual Legionnaire. It was adopted by delegates of your Department and Post at the Los Angeles and earlier National Conventions.

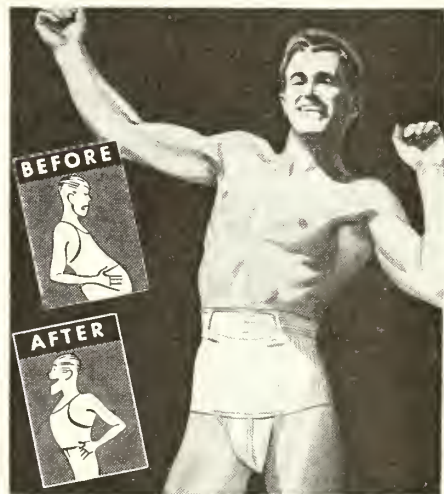
* * *

[**EDITOR'S NOTE:** The following letter, sent to the editor of a magazine of general circulation in the United States which had asked its readers to support the Ludlow Amendment to the Constitution is so clear in its exposition of the reaction of average Americans to (Continued on page 52)]



**YOU'LL HAVE
MORE DRIVE**
if you avoid
**"MID-SECTION
SAG"**

**— BRACE UP WITH
The Bracer**



WHEN your waistline begins to bulge—sagging stomach muscles spoil your appearance—your back aches at the end of the day—that's "Mid-section Sag." But don't let it bother you—just brace up with The Bracer! You'll look years younger, feel full of pep and raring to go! For this amazing new-type supporter belt is scientifically designed to give healthful, comfortable support.

A Bauer & Black product of the finest quality, The Bracer brings you 4 exclusive features: No Rip—seams cannot pull out. No Roll—four removable ribs at top. No Bulge—knitted from two-way stretch "Lastex" yarn. No Bother—exclusive fly-front for convenient all-day wear.

So don't let "Mid-section Sag" slow you down. Brace up with The Bracer! At department, drug and men's apparel stores.

If your dealer cannot supply you with The Bracer, simply fill out and mail this coupon with a check or money order. Price \$2.00 (Canada \$2.75).

BAUER & BLACK, Division of The Kendall Co.,
Dept. A-75, 2500 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
(In Canada, Station K, Toronto.)

I am enclosing check or money order for _____

Please send me _____ Bracers

My waist measurement is _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

My dealer's name and address is _____

Referendum Follies

(Continued from page 51)

this really insidious piece of legislation that it is used here, with the permission of the writer, to supplement John Thomas Taylor's article.]

A LETTER TO AN EDITOR

Palisade, Colorado

Jan. 22, 1939

Dear Sir: Please allow me to introduce myself as one of the very numerous subscribers to ————. It would be a pleasure to add some impressive distinction; but none is legitimately available.

My love of peace and opposition to war make my markings even less distinctive than they might be otherwise because almost everyone loves peace and opposes war as long as he isn't emotionally aroused to the point where his brain cells join the ranks of the unemployed.

This is a personal reply to the query in your magazine concerning the "Peace Amendment." You ask, "Are you for it? Will you help get it adopted?" I'm sorry, but my answer must be no, and no.

I can't support the Ludlow Peace Amendment because to the best of my judgment:

- 1—It *would* be a threat to our representative government.
- 2—It *will* shackle our Government by tying the hands of the President in his handling our foreign relations.
- 3—It *will* give comfort, courage and a definite advantage to any outside power choosing to thumb its nose at us.
(In spite of Miss ————'s able attempt at refutation those charges still stand. There is no refutation.)
- 4—The exception inserted since the 75th Congress is indefinite and weak. "Except in the event of attack, invasion, or military expedition from abroad against the United States or its territorial possessions." It sounds impressive, but what does it mean? What kind of attack or invasion? By way of trade,

finance, propaganda, or what? And where?

5—The Ludlow Peace Amendment can not accomplish the purpose of peace because the propositions upon which it is based are false.

a—The proposition that there exists a wide-spread reliably well-informed public opinion concerning important details of national affairs is a bit of delightful fiction. It is a contradiction as well. The amendment unmistakably assumes that we do not vote intelligently upon our representation in Washington; and sometimes it seems that we don't; but, if that is true, then, clearly, we can not be relied upon to vote intelligently on war.

b—The proposition that wars are made in Washington against the will of the people is a myth. No doctor ever kept a more sensitive finger on the pulse of a patient than our politicians keep on the pulse of public sentiment "at home." In the case of the last war the Congressmen from my State did not vote for war until the traffic lights "at home" had flashed green.

Strangely, the Ludlow Peace Amendment entirely misses the bull's-eye on the target devoted to war.

Basic causes of war go deep into the political, social and economic structures of a nation; and there, for most of us, they remain hidden until somebody digs them up for the historical enlightenment of our grandchildren.

Our knowledge of scientific causes of war may be invisible even under a high-powered microscope; but we know about the mental elixir that makes us want to fight. It is called propaganda.

Propaganda, as everybody knows, is emotionally stirring information. The information involved may be either true or false;

but it is one-sided, and it is emotionally stirring. The more one-sided and emotionally stirring the better.

Each of us is very well acquainted with propaganda in some of its countless variations. It jumps at our eyes from the printed page and hammers at our ears from loud speakers. Speeches and advertising, both verbal and graphic, are works of art in propaganda. We like it. Our politicians get our votes with propaganda; our merchants, and others, get our dollars with propaganda; and interested parties can get us to fight wars with propaganda.

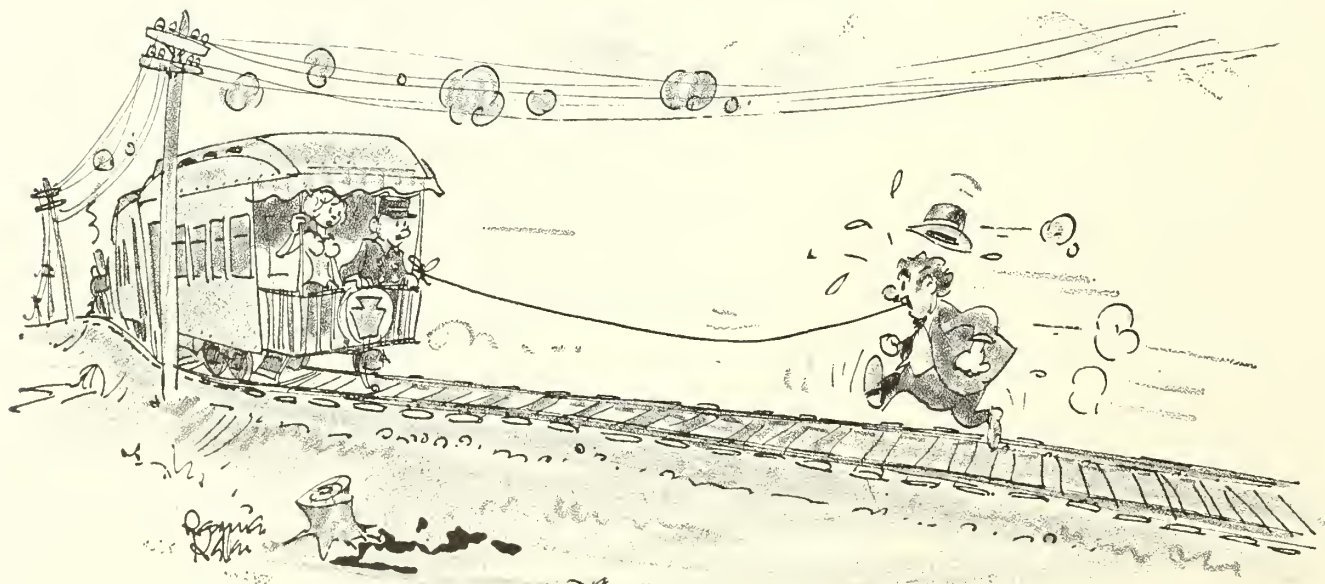
They did it in the World War. Right or wrong, for better or for worse, we were offered a course of propaganda to the end that we should desire war.

Propaganda, like other concoctions devised for internal use, has no effect until swallowed. That art is easily mastered. It might be called second nature. One merely accepts propaganda mentally like he swallows a pill physically, without question or analysis. Back in about 1916 we swallowed war propaganda by the gallon.

Then some genius added the slogan, "Make the world safe for democracy." Somebody else threw in, "A war to end war." Pop-eye's spinach has nothing on the resulting fire-water. About two gulps of that and we were ready to fight a world of hornets. Anyone daring to suggest publicly that possibly we should stop and think things over was immediately branded pro-German, and put himself in danger of tar and feathers from his dear emotionally drunk fellow citizens.

Propaganda may not cause wars; but it provides the vitamin that makes us want to fight them. The people of any nation want peace until they are drunk on war propaganda. The Ludlow Peace Amendment would, I think, be of even less effect against the force of war propaganda among us than a pink parasol against a plains blizzard.

I am too seriously concerned about preven-



"He lost his nerve"

tion of national warfare to support a preventative program in which I can have no faith. When I support any anti-war legislation it must check with everything I know about war. I must be sure that it offers some effective protection.

The American Legion offers the best such program within my knowledge. Their plan does not tie, bind, or restrict our Government. Neither does it insult the men we have elected to its various offices. Instead, it gives our Government unlimited power by conscription of every resource of the land, including capital and labor, in case of war.

I could support that program because:

1—In a power-mad world it would instill

a healthy respect for us in the eyes of friends and enemies.

2—It offers some protection against a generally large average consumption of war propaganda.

The only safeguard against the consumption of any kind of propaganda is mind over emotion; and the surest way to a man's mind is through his pocketbook. Knowing that war may mean painful personal loss instead of any possible great personal gain must spoil many an appetite for war propaganda. Under that stimulus enough citizens might think twice to eliminate the possibility of an unnecessary national war. Sincerely yours,

MRS. CARL H. ASMUSSEN.

No Truck Drivers

(Continued from page 21)

waited and listened. No shots. The muttering was quieted. After a time, the captain emerged, dressed. He looked neither to the right nor the left and did not speak. I'll never forget the look on his dead-white face. The surgeon got him back to a base hospital.

Some weeks later, the captain rejoined the regiment at Belleau Wood, declared fit for duty after a hospital session and convalescence at Nice. Though he and I both then served on the regimental staff, I never felt quite comfortable with him and we never spoke

of that morning in the dugout. So, on our paths in the service diverged and I never saw him again. He stayed in the Army after the war, I have heard.

Just before we parted, I asked the captain if he would write in my officer's record book. With a hand that held the pen far steadier than it had the pistol that day, he wrote and gravely handed back the book. This is what I read:

"Lt. Downey acted as executive, for six months, in the battery of which I had command. In that capacity he showed . . . coolness in action."

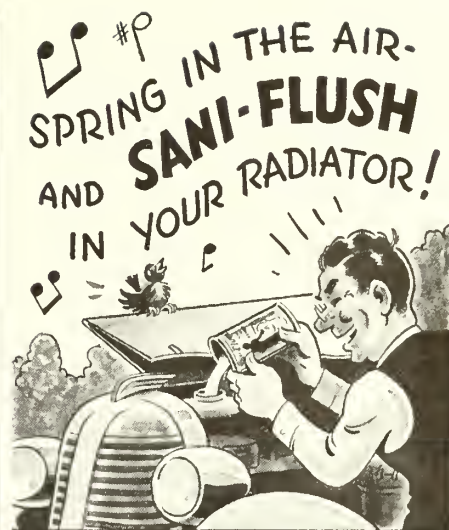
Democracy and Sport

(Continued from page 5)

frozen into a way of life that future generations would have to accept. We have believed in progress, under the elastic provisions of the United States Constitution, and we still believe in it. Within the framework of democracy under capitalism, we feel, lies the opportunity of the greatest good to the greatest number, which is the whole purpose of government. We have faith to believe that the United States will in 1989 be a better place in which to live than it is today, and that a century from now it will be even better. Our records and history prove it. And while prophecy is dangerous, I think that in that far-off day Americans will still believe in democracy—and just as passionately as we do today.

One of the most important factors in our democratic set-up, it seems to me, is our sports system. I believe, and have always believed, that the contact sports, such as boxing, football, baseball, hockey, lacrosse and basketball, impart discipline to a boy, build courage in him, and teach him democracy through fair play. Luckily

for us, we are not forced to have peacetime conscription in this country, and so athletic contests have a more important place with us than they do with most European nations. Whether it is a pick-up baseball game on the sandlots or a Yale Bowl or Rose Bowl football game that attracts upward of a hundred thousand spectators and keeps the whole nation agog over its radios there is in athletic contests, we believe, a sort of moral equivalent for war. That doesn't mean that we shouldn't pay a lot of attention to national defense, but it does mean that with a comparatively small standing army, with our National Guard and our Organized Reserves the defense needs of the nation are cared for, and we are spared the deadening effects of peacetime conscription. We certainly wouldn't want militarism in America, and on the other hand our experience in 1917-18 showed only too clearly the folly of William Jennings Bryan's belief that a million untrained men springing to arms over- (Continued on page 54)



CLEAN OUT ANTI-FREEZE WITH SANI-FLUSH

It's time to remove the anti-freeze from your car! Also a whole winter's accumulation of rust, scale, sludge and sediment! They clog the delicate veins of the radiator. The motor overheats. You waste power. You may find yourself with an expensive repair bill on your hands.

Don't take a chance. Clean out anti-freeze with Sani-Flush for 10c (25c for the largest trucks and tractors). Just pour it in. Run the engine, drain, flush and refill (*directions on the can*). Then your radiator is really clean. And your car runs cool. Do it yourself. Or, if you prefer, have your garage or service station do it for you. Insist on Sani-Flush. It cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, O.

Sani-Flush Safe NOT CAUSTIC
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

Have You Some Spare Room

a basement or garage where you can do light work? We can offer you a profitable proposition, casting 5 & 10c Novelties, ashtrays, toy autos, etc. as manufacturer for firm of many years standing. No experience necessary as we furnish full instructions with moulds. If interested in devoting spare or full time to profitable work write AT ONCE stating age and space available as we are now closing arrangements for 1939 supply of our goods.

METAL CAST PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 9,
1696 Boston Road New York, N. Y.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else. © 1939, C. P. INC.

ON MARCH 15th

Be sure to tune in on the Legion's twentieth anniversary broadcast to be held the evening of March 15th. Blue Network, National Broadcasting Company, at 11.15 P.M., Eastern Standard Time.

Democracy and Sport

(Continued from page 53)

night would answer our needs in any emergency.

In sports a youngster learns the lesson of discipline, and learns it effectively. I happen to know a little bit more about boxing than about other sports. Take the nationally known Golden Gloves tournaments. The boys go into those boxing contests knowing that they have got to train faithfully, keep good hours, lay off smoking and drinking, avoid evil company, and obey the rules while they are in the ring. Experience tells them that anything short of that invites defeat. After such a training period a youngster is bound to have mastered the lesson of self discipline, and can decide for himself whether, for instance, he wants to use liquor when he becomes of age. It was doubtless this lesson of discipline, which is a part of all sporting effort, that the Duke of Wellington had in mind when he said that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing field of Eton, meaning, of course, the playing fields of England.

It is a truism that competition in athletics helps build character. It has always been my belief that true character rests on religion, which recognizes the duty of man to God and to one's fellow man. It doesn't matter what kind of religion a man espouses, so long as he sincerely believes in it and lives by it. It is not just by chance that in the totalitarian countries religion has been sadly hampered, if not suppressed, because your dictator of today demands that his subjects render him not only the things that belong to Caesar, but also those that belong to God. The dictator is jealous of our God, he envies the tribute and respect we pay Him and would

divert these to himself by any means; hence, confiscation, persecution, detention camps and solitary confinement.

[*EDITOR'S NOTE: Several weeks ago the Daily Worker, communist organ in New York City, attacked Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh and Gene Tunney as "stalking horses for reaction," specifically declaring*

make me out, among other things, with Colonel Lindbergh, a sympathizer of nazism.

While I am unable to speak for Col. Lindbergh, if being against communism in any form is sufficient reason for your designation, then I will accept the indictment your publication makes and consider the source of it.

However, for your information I might add that there is only one other system of government that I hold equally abominable as communism and that is nazism. Neither has any place in America. Our form of democratic constitutional government has given an exceptionally good account of itself in the past one hundred and fifty years, and apparently is good enough for the vast majority of Americans living here.

When the only opportunity came during my life time to show my adherence to, and love of the principles of, our form of democracy, I did so at the risk of my own life. I enlisted as a private in the United States Marine Corps and went overseas for what I thought was a defense of those principles. You people blab about democracy but how many of your heroes have ever risked their lives for democracy?

There were some four million Americans who risked their lives in 1917 and 1918 and though the enlistment requirements were very democratic indeed some of your heroes were conspicuously absent from the ranks.

Furthermore, for your information, the only speeches I ever made about labor were to improve the lot and working conditions of the working man. If the time ever comes for me to show my interest for labor in a more practical sense, you

PROGRAM of BOXING CARNIVAL

Thursday, Nov. 28th, 1918.
BALLOON SHED. A. S. P. C. No. 2.
at 8:00 P. M.

Music by Two Bands

Songs by Two Marine Quartets	-	-	-	-	11th Marines
Music by Jazz Band	-	-	-	-	11th Marines
Minstrels	-	-	-	-	11th Marines

BOXING MATCHES

1st Bout. 4 Rounds.	Kid Irish	-	vs.	-	F. B. Fabino	Weight 125 lbs.
	5th Co. 4th M. M.				375th Sqdn.	
2nd Bout. 4 Rounds.	Thomas Johnston	-	vs.	-	Wm. Smith	Weight 150 lbs.
					Co. D. 319th Labor Battalion	
3rd Bout. 4 Rounds.	Boy Guthrie	-	vs.	-	Cook Jannison	Weight 150 lbs.
	116th Supply Train				Co. D. 11th Marines	
4th Bout. 4 Rounds.	Kid Picard	-	vs.	-	Harry F. Strouse	Weight 125 lbs.
	4th Co. 3rd M. M.				D. Co. 345 Inf.	
5th Bout. 4 Rounds.	O'Hara	-	vs.	-	B. A. Whitely	Weight 138 lbs.
	Co. D. 11th Marines				16th Co. 3rd M. M.	
6th Bout. 4 Rounds.	Sgt. Thomas Linahan	-	vs.	-	Welsh	Weight 125 lbs.
	186 Aero Sqdn.				825 Aero Sqdn.	
BATTLE ROYAL to a finish, 7 Colored Contestants.						
7th Bout. 4 Rounds.	Earsman	-	vs.	-	Wuerf	Weight 160 lbs.
	11th Marines				825 Squadron	
8th Bout. 5 Rounds.	Bedoli	-	vs.	-	Young Sully	Weight 140 lbs.
	829 Squadron				Hq. Det. 31 Eng.	
9th Bout. 6 Rounds.	Kid Roth	-	vs.	-	Kid Callender	Weight 116 lbs.
	12th Co. 1st M. M.				11th Marines	
10th Bout. 6 Rounds.	Dzamba	-	vs.	-	Sgt. Thompson	Weight 138 lbs.
	830 Squadron				11th Marines	
FINAL BOUT						
11th Bout. 8 Rounds.	Tunney	-	vs.	-	Howard Morrow	Weight 170 lbs.
	D. Co. 11th Marines				C Co. 345th Inf.	

TOTAL 53 ROUNDS OF BOXING

REMEMBER:- There is a purse for every bout. Make it worth while for the men to fight. If you haven't donated YOUR FRANC, do so at once. Your Organization Commander will accept it. All subscriptions to be closed Nov. 25th, 1918.

The carnival was held at Romorantin. The winner of the final bout became light heavyweight champion of the A.E.F. and, in 1926, heavyweight champion of the world, retiring a year later after successfully defending his title

that Tunney had "taken to making anti-labor speeches before tired coupon clippers." The vigorous answer to these charges made by the retired heavyweight champion of the world is given below. Tunney's answer was ignored by the Daily Worker.]

Editor of the Daily Worker
50 East 13th Street
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

In a recent editorial in your paper you

will find I will not be numbered among those who will do to labor what your political godfathers of Soviet Russia and their Nazi cousins have done to it.

In conclusion, let me say that I am as opposed to naziism as I am to communism for this country and I will fight to the

death either ever getting control of this Government, for I know first-hand about their ideologies, classlessness and GOD-LESSNESS.

Sincerely yours,

GENE TUNNEY

Bull's-Eye Gold

(Continued from page 29)

queens, jacks and tens of a deck. To win, a shooter must shoot a "hand" of three queens or better. The charge is fifty cents for five shots. By thumb tacking the cards by their upper edges they may quickly be inspected by the judge after each round, and gummed paper can then be pasted over the holes for the next shooter.

Another form is the "hit the hidden spot" target. This target is a picture of a miniature turkey, say about eight inches high. Somewhere on the back of the picture, invisible to the shooter, is a spot or circle three-eighths of an inch in diameter. This is the bull's-eye, even though it is near the tip of the beak or near the tip of the tail. The charge is twenty-five cents for five shots.

Now, the price charged for shooting brings up the very important topic of the bankers' tent. This small tent can be pitched with a table at its entrance and have three money-handlers assigned to work each shift. One banker stands at the table and makes change and issues shooting tickets; another works on the debit and credit entries for each event on the grounds; and the third circulates around the grounds making change for the concessions and collecting money also.

By appointing experts to the money-handling job, the problem is cared for quickly and accurately, the money is kept concentrated, hard feelings that might develop are prevented, and it allows quick tabulations at the end of the day.

All shooters buy their tickets at the bankers' tent, except perhaps the shotgun and pistol people who may get theirs at the scene of the shooting when the crowds get heavy and load up the bankers. By the way, other limitations on the big-rifle shooters are that their guns must not weigh over ten pounds, and they must shoot from a standing position. If they want to use tracer bullets, that's all right, as a tracer isn't the most accurate bullet in the world. If their friends want to "spot" shots for them with telescopes, that's allowed, too. Range data, by the way, is furnished ahead of time, although practice on the actual ranges should not be allowed.

I don't need to stress the fact that safety is vital on all ranges. Every Post has members who are familiar with range work, and they should lay down hard and fast rules and stick to them.

Each firing line has at least two

officials, one to take tickets and assign targets, and one to keep the name of every shooter and the results of his shooting, and to issue certificates to winners. This routine is not difficult and it forestalls arguments. Winners can redeem their certificates at designated markets whenever they wish to, and if they win more prizes than they want, they can cash in on their extra wins at nominal sums.

Other games can be arranged for, and of course a refreshment stand is absolutely necessary. Don't worry—it will make money for the Post.

In your publicity it is a good idea to announce your date well ahead of time so as to avoid conflict with other Legion Posts that might be planning big doings also. In our region there is a regular parade of annual Legion turkey shoots through October and November, the dates fixed through mutual agreement among the Posts.

Weather is a hazard, I grant you. One Post that I know of takes out weather insurance to cover expenses, and if the weather turns sour the event is postponed to the following week-end without loss to the Post.

People come and bring their families and wander around just looking on. These are the people for whom the other games are offered, as many of them aren't shooters. And with crowds in attendance, the question of sanitary conveniences must be considered, even though the architecture is quaintly rural.

From all of this you can see that there is considerable work attached to a turkey shoot—or whatever you want to call it—and you are right. Figure on three Sundays for the whole thing, one Sunday to construct, one to put it on and the third to tear down and stack away the materials for the next year.

The shoot costs money to put on. Our last shoot, which netted just over seven hundred dollars, grossed \$1426 with an outlay of \$724. Advertising for this shoot, including newspapers and window quarter-cards, was \$72, and the general expenses ran to \$55, including "Gobbler Bill," the gate prize at which everybody has a free chance in the drawing which climaxes the day.

It takes money to make money, but eight successful years in a row have given our Post a reason to be thankful at Thanksgiving time.



Learn this Profitable Profession

in 90 days at Home

Hundreds of men and women of all ages 18-50 make \$10.00 to \$20.00 in a single day giving scientific Swedish Massage and Hydro-Therapy treatments. There is a big demand from Hospitals, Sanitariums, Clubs, Doctors and private patients as well as opportunities for establishing your own office.

Learn this interesting money-making profession in your own home by mail through our home study course. Same instructors as in our NATIONALLY KNOWN resident school. A diploma is awarded upon completion of the course. Course can be completed in 3 to 4 months. High School training is not necessary. Many earn big money while learning.



Anatomy Charts & Booklet FREE

Enroll now and we will include uniform coat, medical dictionary, patented reducing roller and Hydro-Therapy supplies without extra cost. The reducing course alone may be worth many times the modest tuition fee. Send coupon now for Anatomy Charts and booklet containing photographs and letters from successful graduates. These will all be sent postpaid—FREE.

THE College of Swedish Massage
(Successor to National College of Massage)
Dept. 375—30 E. Adams St., Chicago.

You may send me FREE and postpaid, Anatomy Charts, booklet containing photographs and letters from graduates and complete details of your offer.

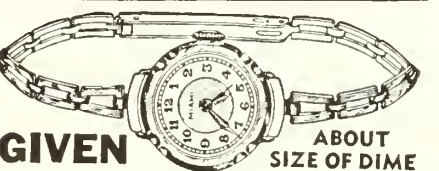
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Address.....
City..... State.....

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Send for **FREE BAIT BOOK**

This practical handbook, for fishermen, is a fascinating, reliable guide to better fishing! It tells how and why Creek Chub, True-to-Nature, Lures and Flies Catch More and Bigger Fish! Beautifully illustrated! Sent FREE upon request!

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GIVEN ABOUT SIZE OF DIME

NOTHING TO BUY! GIRLS! LADIES! Send Name and Address. Charming Watch or Big Cash Commission. Send No Money. Given for **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** Big Colored Pictures with our famous **White Cloverine Salve** used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., which you easily sell to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting as explained in catalog. **SPECIAL:** Choice of 20 gifts for returning only \$3 collected. 44th yr. Send for Salve and pictures, postage paid.

WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 100-32, Tyrone, Pa.

MINSTRELS

Unique first parts for complete show, with special songs and choruses. Black-face plays, Jokes, Gags, Posters, Make-up Goods, Wigs, Bones, Tambourines. Lively up-to-the minute plays for dramatic clubs and lodges. Denison plays produced everywhere. 60 years of hits.

Free Catalog
T. S. DENISON & CO.
203 N. Wabash, Dept. 89, Chicago

Is Your Rupture HERE?

Why continue to suffer with rupture? Stop your worries and fears. Send for the facts about my perfected truss invention—the Brooks Appliance for reducible rupture—with the automatic AIR-CUSHION support that gives Nature a chance to close the opening. Thousands bought by doctors for themselves and patients.

Sent on Trial—Made-to-measure, individual fitting for man, woman or child. Low-priced, sanitary, durable. No obnoxious springs or hard pads; no metal girdle to rust. Safe and comfortable. Helps Nature get results. Not sold through stores—beware of imitations. Write today for full information sent free in plain sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO. 405-B State St. Marshall, Mich.

CALL FOR THE PARIS CAUCUS

Room D 17
4 Place de la Concorde
Paris

February 25th, 1919.

To:

1. On February 15th the following National Guard and Reserve Officers, representatives of the S.O.S., of ten infantry divisions, and of several other organizations, were called together in Paris by order of G. H. Q.

Maj. Francis R. Appleton, Jr.	2nd Army
Maj. G. Edward Buxton	82nd Division
Lt. Col. Bennett C. Clark	88th Div.
Maj. Ralph D. Cole	37th Division
Lt. Col. D. J. Davis	G. H. Q.
Maj. Frank D'Olier	G. M., S. O. S.
Lt. Col. W. J. Donovan	Rainbow Div.
Maj. David M. Goodrich	G. H. Q.
Maj. T. E. Gowenlock	1st Army Corps
Col. Thorndike Howe	A. P. O. Dept.
Lt. Col. John Price Jackson	Peace Commission
Maj. Delancey Kountze	G. H. Q.
Lt. Col. R. W. Llewellyn	28th Div.
Capt. Ogden Mills	G-2, S. O. S.
Lt. Col. Benjamin Moore	82nd Division
Lt. Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.	1st Div.
Lt. Col. R. C. Stebbins	3rd A. O.
Maj. R. C. Stewart	1st Div.
Lt. Col. George A. White	G. H. Q.
Maj. Eric Fisher Wood	88th Div.

The purpose of G. H. Q. in calling together this gathering of National Guard and Reserve Officers was to have them confer with certain officers of the Regular Army, including the heads of the G-5, G-4 and G-2 Sections of G. H. Q., in regard to suggestions for the betterment of conditions and the development of contentment in the A. E. F.

2. The majority of the National Guard and Reserve Officers who thus happened to be together for an official purpose had long shared with thousands of other soldiers of the American forces the hope and desire that the officers and men who are about to return to civil life after serving in the present war, whether with the combat units, or in the S. O. S., or at home, might sooner or later be united into one permanent nation-wide organization, similar in general character to the Grand Army of the Republic or the United Confederate Veterans and composed of all parties, all creeds, and all ranks who wish to perpetuate the relationships formed while in the military service.

They appreciated that one of the principal obstacles to the initiation of such a movement was the difficulty of assembling at one time and in the same place a gathering of individuals which would be even approximately representative of the whole Army.

3. Therefore it appeared to them that the fact of their presence in Paris presented an unusual opportunity to initiate the first steps of such a movement; an opportunity which was unlikely to be repeated and which they ought not to let slip. Several meetings were held by them during the recesses between their official conferences to consider the situation.

IT IS noteworthy that the call for the Paris Caucus, the first official Legion document, is, in its entirety, barely known to Legion historians. The document, which was sent out to nearly two thousand officers and men in mimeographed form, was referred to in the Stars and Stripes of March 14, 1919, as "an invitation" and two or three paragraphs were quoted from it. Lack of familiarity with the document itself probably accounts for its omission in the standard Legion histories.

It was finally decided that although they were by no means either widely chosen enough or sufficiently numerous to warrant their actually launching an organization, they were nevertheless representative enough to make it proper for them to act as a Temporary Committee for the gathering together from the whole Army of a body of several hundred National Guard and Reserve Officers who would be of a character to command the confidence and support of officers and men from all States and all units, and who would be sufficiently representative to properly act as deputies from the A. E. F. to a Caucus for the discussion and formulation of tentative arrangements which might later result in creating a satisfactory permanent organization.

It is assumed that among the duties of such a

Caucus would be to study the possibility of a tentative constitution, to consider a name for the organization, and to make arrangements whereby all units and territories could duly elect representatives to a great Convention, being composed of duly elected delegates from all States and all units, would meet with full power and authority to adopt, modify, or reject the tentative steps taken by the Caucus.

4. In accordance with these ideas the National Guard and Reserve Officers mentioned in paragraph 1, having constituted themselves a Temporary Committee to act only until such time as the larger and more representative Caucus could be convened, elected Lt. Col. Roosevelt temporary Chairman, and Major Wood temporary Secretary.

A sub-committee composed of Lt. Col. Clark, Major Cole, and Major Wood was appointed to receive from all of the members of the Temporary Committee the names of such individual officers of the A. E. F. as are admittedly leaders of their units and as are likely to be available, in order that these might be urged to attend a Caucus comprising three mid-day meetings, to be held in Paris March 15th, 16th and 17th.

It was thought that this Caucus would be properly representative if there should be at least one member for each five thousand officers and men. It will naturally be understood that in a Caucus which is called together in such an informal manner there will inadvertently be omitted the names of many prominent officers whose assistance would have proved invaluable, and who it is hoped will eventually become leaders in the organization.

5. You were suggested by as being a proper representative of the as well as of the territory from which much of its personnel is drawn, and I have been officially instructed on behalf of the Temporary Committee to invite you to avail yourself of a three day Class C leave to Paris, as provided, for instance, in Par. 2, G.O. 14, G. H. Q., c.s., in order to act as a delegate to the impending Caucus, the opening session of which will take place at 11:45 a.m. March 15th, at the American Officers' Club, 4 Avenue Gabriel.

Your acceptance, although an endorsement of the movement, will not be considered as a contract binding you to attend, for it is well understood that a military exigency may arise at the last moment to prevent your actual presence.

ERIC FISHER WOOD
Secretary

Launching the Legion

(Continued from page 13)

Columbia, and foreign possessions of the United States . . ."

An Executive Committee was selected, composed of one officer and one enlisted man from each Division or similar unit, of which Colonel Milton J. Foreman became Chairman, and White Vice-Chairman and Secretary. This Executive Committee was to continue to act in the A. E. F. after the adjournment of the Caucus. Its duties were "to represent the units now in foreign service . . . to confer with committees from a similar caucus in the United States . . . to make known the existence and purpose of this organization, to stimulate interest in it, and to invite the support of all those entitled to membership."

It was resolved that "the [first] National Convention shall be held at 11 A. M., November 11th, 1919, at such place as the Executive Committee of this organization, acting with the Executive Committee . . . in the United States, may decide."

A resolution was unanimously passed "that the members of the Temporary Committee be commended, and that the thanks of this Caucus be extended to them for their excellent work in calling it together, and that all steps taken by them prior to the convening of the Caucus be approved and endorsed."

Upon motion duly adopted 162 commissioned-officer delegates voluntarily contributed twenty francs each (no enlisted men delegates were canvassed) to reimburse members of the Temporary Committee of 20 for monies advanced by them for the expenses of the Caucus. The actual expenses having been 2314 francs and 50 centimes, there was a balance of 925 francs and 50 centimes—which was turned over to the Executive Committee for future use.

This A. E. F. Executive Committee, under the leadership of Foreman and White, became a vitally important agency. It propagated and promoted the infant Legion, defended it from all man-

ner of innuendoes and attacks, recruited many thousands of representative members, and eventually secured the co-operation of a score of Divisional or rival organizations which, previously or concurrently, had been organized all over the A. E. F. White and Foreman and their Committee defended and consolidated what had been started in France, leaving Roosevelt, Clark and Wood free to return to the United States, where they served respectively as Chairman, Vice-Chairman and Secretary of the committee that organized the St. Louis Caucus. Without their efforts the Legion could hardly have survived the early weeks of its infancy in the A. E. F.

Foreman became another of the vitally important key personalities in the formation of the Legion.

In this connection, and in conclusion, the author recognizes—on the basis of his observations from Paris to Minneapolis—that a number of service persons contributed in an important way to the

formation of the Legion. But he is of the opinion that there were four key personalities whose contributions were vitally essential and could not have been dispensed with—without whose participation the Legion would not have occurred as and when it did.

These four key personalities were Roosevelt, White, Clark and Foreman. Two of these have been justly rewarded with the title of "Past National Commander."

Land o' Plenty

(Continued from page 17)

calamity for the future of our continent?

Productiveness of soil can be maintained by an intelligent plan of land use. Most people do not realize that water should be as productive, acre for acre, as land, and of all the gifts of nature we have misused the waters most. Most of the food producing elements of our continent come under the head of renewable resources.

Our waters can still be restored, our forests replanted, our wildlife replenished, and our rivers and lakes be made to furnish again their rich quota of life's necessities.

The processes for this restoration are known. Demonstration projects have been successfully carried out, but on such a small scale that they may be compared with the test tube of the chemist in his laboratory. The application on a large scale requires the support of a wide public understanding and a popular demand. The application of these policies would constitute real conservation in this land of ours.

We are, then, confronted with our first most serious problem—that of education. Our public must be taught what conservation really means now and to the future of our country. There are no textbooks and there are no teachers. In fact, there is at the present time no place in our public or private schools for such a system of education. Worse and more of it, our political officers of government, Republican or Democrat, elected by popular vote, are no more aware of the needs for conservation than is the general public.

Because our governmental leaders are unaware of conservation needs there is no support among our political leaders for adequate measures to accomplish the necessary ends. Conservation projects are almost always defeated in legislative halls.

All of our appropriations, generally speaking, go in the opposite direction; for new power dams to destroy more rivers, new reclamation projects to drain more lakes and marshes, new roads to open up the last remaining wilderness to the tin-can tourist, forest fires, and to regrettable waste.

While some sort of a national veterans' organization would probably have occurred without the work of these four personalities, yet it might not have been the Legion; and it would not have come into being in such a fine way, nor so promptly. In this context it should not be overlooked that the Legion in nine months secured a prominence and a membership which the G. A. R. did not attain until twenty-five years after the Civil War.

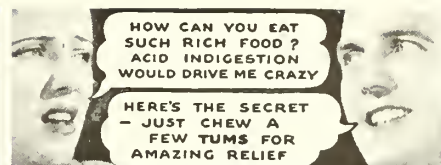
A number of text-book publishers have recently sought the aid of the National Wildlife Federation in getting the material necessary for the preparation of books for our public schools setting forth the bed-rock principles of conservation. Perhaps conservation isn't the word we should use—we are talking about sustaining resources, the origin of our groceries, as well as of sport, and of a billion-dollar-a-year industry based on outdoor recreation.

To meet this encouraging demand for material, the National Wildlife Federation has set up a committee, headed by Dr. Henry B. Ward, of the University of Illinois, one of the world's outstanding zoölogists and for many years executive head of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Serving with Dr. Ward are Dr. Paul B. Sears, of Oberlin College, a great botanist and author of a number of brilliant books on land-economics. C. J. Ballam, president of the Wisconsin Wildlife Federation, is the third member of the committee that has been appointed.

The relationship between land-economics, commercial fisheries, employment, national prosperity and hunting and fishing may not be apparent at first glance, and yet leadership in organizing for a united front on behalf of America's outdoor wealth has been taken very largely by sportsmen, as well as by organizations of youth, women, farmers, and business men.

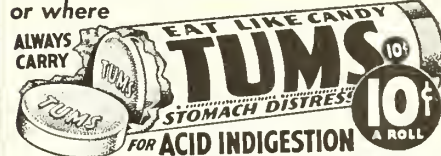
Wildlife is an index to the inventory of the nation's outdoor wealth. Commercial fishing and sport fishing are concerned with the same species in many waters. Without forest cover, many forms of game, big and little, cannot exist. Our most important game birds thrive best on cultivated lands. Wildlife, at the same time, requires the cover that is destroyed by excessive clearing, drainage, and grazing.

It is a recognized scientific fact that without the help of birds man would be quickly vanquished in his ceaseless warfare with insect pests. Agriculture suffers when the forms of wildlife dependent on the fence-row strips of brush, the little patches of marsh (Continued on page 58)



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Name

Address

Land o' Plenty

(Continued from page 57)

and woodlands are carelessly wiped out.

Of course, a great deal has been accomplished in wildlife restoration by State conservation departments and by federal agencies. In respect to an intelligent approach to the problem, on a nation-wide scale, we are about where the good roads movement was in the early days of the automobile. There was a growing demand for decent thoroughfares but no organized plan of action. A federal fund was set up, available in the States for highways that came up to sound engineering standards. The example afforded by the first federal-aid roads gave rise to the present system of modern highways.

The Pittman-Robertson Act, enacted through the efforts of the National Wildlife Federation, makes available for the States funds from the excise tax on sporting arms and ammunition for use in wildlife restoration.

Projects, supported seventy-five percent by federal tax funds and twenty-five percent by the individual States, are either approved or rapidly being shaped up in thirty of the forty-three States that are eligible. It is expected that every State will shortly be lining up for Pittman-Robertson benefits.

THOUSANDS of square miles of marginal lands, unfit for agriculture, will be given over to the scientific restoration of all forms of wildlife beneficial to man, from fur-bearers to insectivorous birds. Under the act, only States in which all license money from sportsmen is devoted to conservation can qualify to receive the benefits available under the Pittman-Robertson Act.

The funds distributed from Washington will total between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 annually, it is estimated, and will be apportioned to the States according

to the area and to the number of licensed hunters.

All projects must be approved by the Bureau of Biological Survey, Department of Agriculture, and must have as their objectives not merely increasing the supply of game, but the development of basic conditions productive of all valuable forms of wildlife.

The Biological Survey is assigning technical experts to work with state conservation departments on the various projects, and state colleges, the U. S. Forest Service, Soil Conservation Service, and organizations of farmers, sportsmen, and other conservationists will aid.

The Pittman-Robertson Act was the first victory, in the field of national legislation, for the solid front of organized conservation. Development of this front into a permanent force offers us our greatest hope for the future of America's outdoor heritage.

History As It Is Writ

(Continued from page 33)

County (California) Council of the Legion and Auxiliary continued their Christmas basket program for the families of needy veterans, serving five hundred and seventy families with enough food staples to last for several days . . . Babcock-Champlin-Milks Post of Little Valley, New York, sponsored its tenth annual community Christmas party, followed by a

distribution of food, clothing, fuel and other necessities to the needy in that area.

For Greater Service

"From time to time since the organization of this Post," writes Past Commander William Grimshaw of Robert E.

Collins Post, Hartford, Connecticut, "we have had floods and other emergencies in the Connecticut Valley, affecting our immediate locality. Our disaster and emergency relief committee, we believe, has functioned as well as the average similar committee. Our experience, however, has shown us that there was needed improvement in the method of getting



Twenty Past Commanders of Cashmere (Washington) Post held a reunion with their Post, one from as far away as Ohio. Some of the Past Commanders met as strangers. Here is a hundred percent record that can be matched by few Posts

men on the job in the shortest possible time, and for having men whose ability had been demonstrated by previous experience to handle certain jobs.

"Much care and thought has been given to the problem, and, after many trial efforts we have worked out an emergency relief set-up which we believe will stand up under any test in our own, or any other, community. One of the main features of our plan is that we have divided the City of Hartford into four areas, in each of which two members of the Committee are charged with keeping in touch with Post members and with all members of the disaster and emergency relief committee. The division of duties of the key men and working members has been so worked out under our plan that, after the call for emergency assistance has been issued, notification can be given and all workers picked up by automobile and delivered at the Post quarters within twenty minutes to a half hour."

Reunion in Cashmere

TWENTY—count 'em—twenty Past Commanders of Cashmere (Washington) Post all sitting in two rows. All living and active, but not all living in the bailiwick of the Post. And thereby hangs a tale—making the picture of this group of Past Commanders more interesting.

Past Commander Leon E. Babcock, who is also President of the group's Last Man Club, writes: "For a year or more the Past Commanders of Cashmere Post, had planned a reunion. Sunday, August 28th, saw the consummation of their plans and their ardent hopes. It was a genuine pleasure to each one to find that all the others were present, for it is realized that such an occasion is rare and cannot be duplicated by many of the 11,400 Posts. Many of these Commanders were young men in their twenties when they were at the helm guiding the destiny of Cashmere Post. Most of them are now in their forties, averaging about forty-three—the youngest is thirty-eight and the oldest forty-seven. Thirteen of the Past Commanders reside at Cashmere, six in other parts of Washington, and one in Ohio, but nothing could deter them from coming to the reunion.

"Some of the Commanders of the earlier years and those of later years were not acquainted, so it was an occasion of renewing old friendships and making new. It was such a joyous occasion that they determined to hold a reunion each year hereafter. One of the events of the day was the organization of a Cashmere Post 'Past Commanders Last Man Club,' with no bars to membership to any member, provided he has served Cashmere Post as its Commander."

The Pasts in the picture, front row, left to right, are O. C. Snyder, Clyde Casebeer, P. M. Baken, J. Leon LaVigne, Al Frank and Elmer Thulean. Back row, left to right, A. W. Reudi, Harry King, Milt Bourn, Charles Kuelbs, E. A. Barnes, Jack Vickery, R. Russell Reid, Charles Jameson, Leon Babcock, L. J. Lemm, Harry Smith, Paul Kyncer, Charles Lincoln and Gerald Churchill.

Legion Shorts

Wilmore-Richter Post of Arvada, Colorado, has just moved into its new home. The building, an old red brick residence, was remodeled to fit the needs of the Post, with a large meeting hall, kitchen and cloak room on the first floor, and with reading room, amusement room and offices on the second... Another new Legion home is that recently erected by Perry (Iowa) Post at a cost of \$14,000. Adjutant W. O. Binns tells us that in 1935, when the building campaign was initiated, the Post had thirty-eight members and \$600 cash; in 1938, when the program was completed, one hundred and sixty members were on the rolls. The new brick home, thirty-two by eighty feet in size, fully meets the requirements of a live, forward-looking Post... Service Officer William H. Oder of Walker-Dyer Post, Pennsgrove, New Jersey, reports that the community ambulance given by the Legion in 1932 averages three hundred calls a year, and has been driven 40,000 miles at a cost of \$2,000... J. O. Le Blanc, Adjutant of Vermilion Post, Abbeville, Louisiana, writes that the bridge across the Vermilion River at Abbeville has been dedicated to the soldier dead of the World War.

BOYD B. STUTLER

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

W. LESTER STEVENS, Edwin A. Peterson Post, Rockport, Mass.
 GEORGE SHANKS, Renville Post, Brooklyn, New York.
 GENE TUNNEY, Stamford (Connecticut) Post.
 FRANK STREET, Sergeant Clendenon Newell Post, Leonia, New Jersey.
 ERIC FISHER WOOD, Bedford (Pennsylvania) Post.
 HERBERT MORTON STOOPS, First Division—Lieut. Jefferson Feigl Post, New York City.
 FREDERICK PALMER, City Club Post, New York City.
 WILLIAM HEASLIP, 107th Infantry Post, New York City.
 FAIRFAX DOWNEY, Second Division Post, New York City.
 J. W. SCHLAIKJER, Winner (South Dakota) Post.
 JOHN THOMAS TAYLOR, George Washington Post, Washington, D. C.
 ROBERT GINSBURCH, Black Diamond Post, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
 WINSOR JOSSELYN, Monterey Peninsula Post, California.
Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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Use Your CAR to Raise Your PAY

Hail, Little Corporal!

(Continued from page 39)

has to offer in response to your story and the picture we display:

"During March, 1919, I went on a leave from the U. S. S. *El Sol* at Bordeaux, France, and landed in Paris. While stopping at the Red Cross headquarters in the Tuileries Gardens, I took the enclosed picture of three Red Cross nurses and the little girl.

"The picture was a time exposure made in the restaurant which was run by the Red Cross. Two of the nurses wrote their names and addresses, as follows, on my pass: Nelle Estill Pryor, care of The American Red Cross, 308 Augusta Street, San Antonio, Texas, and Mrs. B. H. McKee, 49 West 72d Street, New York, New York.

"I remember one of the nurses said that the little girl was the youngest American in France, and I am wondering if the picture were published in the Legion Magazine whether anyone would recall anything about her. I'll bet she is a pippin by now.

"My ship, the *El Sol*, hauled cargoes of grain, horses, mules, etc., to Bordeaux and encountered but two submarines during the entire time. One of them ran from us and we ran from the other—so there is not much to tell along those lines. On one of our trips, we were about two days out of Bordeaux when the Armistice was signed and when we arrived they were still celebrating. Some of the main streets were four to five inches deep with confetti, so I could picture the wild time they had had.

"In March, 1919, the captain of our ship told me I could get off for a '48' and go up to Paris, I began to figure time tables so I could squeeze a '72' out of it—and left for Paris. There I met up with an officer, McGinty, of the *El Sol* and as I could speak 'Bordeaux' French, he evidently thought we could get along better together, so we went on up to Rheims with each other. We had not gone far before we realized they spoke something else up there and neither of us could make anyone understand.

"I took a great many pictures there—one being the wreck of an American bar and another, the famous cathedral. We left Rheims and hiked up to the hill country where the Germans had had their batteries that shelled the town and visited a dugout that was supposed to have been the Crown Prince's headquarters while he was in that sector. It was down in the ground about five or six flights of stairs and had regular living quarters. While hiking in the hills, there came the familiar scent of frying bacon and it surely smelled good, after having had cheese sandwiches for lunch. Tracking it down, we found an old French couple living in the side of a hill, using

one of the holes that had been dug and covered with sheet iron for a gun crew. We talked with them for a while and learned they had received the bacon from the American Red Cross.

"The trip from Rheims back to Paris and on to Bordeaux is a blank in my memory. We sailed shortly afterward and I believe it was on this trip that the ship went to the aid of the U. S. S. *Kentuckian* which had lost her rudder. This incident was mentioned some years ago in *Then and Now* by an officer while telling about 'Little Charlie,' a boy mascot, being brought back on the *El Sol*. I remember Charlie very well and I imagine our former captain remembers him too, as he gave Charlie his bed to sleep in and when the captain used it again he received a very generous supply of cooties."

THE story of the probable youngest American in France during the war, naturally brings to mind a story of "The Littlest Scout"—a true incident—which was sent to us by Owen M. Mothershead of Memorial Post, Indianapolis, Indiana, whose address is 211 East South Street in that Hoosier metropolis. Here it is:

"It had been a long day on the war-time docks of Southampton, England, in that September of 1918. After a stormy Atlantic crossing, a landing at Birkenhead, a rest camp at Winnell Downs, the 311th Ammunition Train, 86th Division, had entrained at Winchester in the early morning and after the short run down, C Company was left on its own to await embarkation orders.

The scene was absorbing but somewhat depressing, as I learned it was to be an all-day wait for nightfall. Channel crossing by day did not seem popular at the moment. Overhead the skies were sodden, the sea looked dark and angry, while on an adjoining dock a British hospital ship began to unload its cargo of maimed from the push on Cambrai. There were so many of them, the unloading seemed endless, the rain soaked down, and the morale of C Company slipped lower and lower as we waited for night, the Channel crossing and the great adventure.

"I saw him coming down the dock, a military figure in dress and carriage, and apparently all of eight years old. He quickly singled out my double bars, snapped to attention, saluted and asked: 'Captain Mothershead, 311th Ammunition Train?' I admitted the identity and his instructions were short and to the point: 'Form your company, sir, and follow me.' I had received many orders from many sources, but it seemed never one just like this. A smile started to the surface, but I cut it off. He saw nothing incongruous in ordering two hundred and

fifty huskies to follow him—it was just one officer to another, each doing his particular job.

"We followed him through the tangled maze of warehouses and docks, a broad grin on the faces of the leading ranks who could see the little figure leading on. He was never at a loss, no indecision, while my own bump of direction was in a daze.

We marched for half an hour when he suddenly turned to the right and led us to a dock where, in its berth, was tied one of the fast Channel boats.

"'Halt your company, captain,' and then, 'You may go aboard when ready, sir.'

"He stood aside, and as the last man of C Company crossed the gangplank, he turned to me and very gravely offered his hand: 'A pleasant crossing, sir, and the best of luck.'

"And so C Company went to war with a smile, and the Littlest Scout went home to his supper. He had done his deed for the day, but I am very sure that it never occurred to him that he had done anything at all."

VETERANS of Company A, 23d Infantry, attention! Here is an opportunity, twenty years and more after the fighting ended, to help the sister of one of your buddies who failed to return home with you. Medical officers, nurses and enlisted men connected with Field Hospital No. 23 can also be of assistance. Please note this letter from Mrs. Marion Cochran, Bunker Hill Road, Auburn, New Hampshire:

"After reading a copy of the Legion Magazine I thought I would write to see if you could help me get some information about my brother. All we know is that he died June 13, 1918, of wounds received in action. Would like to hear from some of his buddies who were with him and would also like a picture of him if any of the men have any.

"His name was John M. DeVeau, private, Company A, 23d Infantry, 2d Division. His body was brought back to this country and now rests in the Catholic Cemetery in Stoneham, Massachusetts. I trust you will help me find out if he died in a hospital and where."

We enlisted the aid of Frederick Israel, National Secretary of The Second Division Association, A. E. F., Washington, D. C., and he was able to inform Mrs. Cochran that Comrade DeVeau died in Field Hospital No. 23, a part of the 2d Division, as a result of a severe gun shot wound in the right thigh. Based on the date of death, the wound must have been sustained in the Belleau Wood fighting.

We know that former comrades of DeVeau will cooperate.



The above picture was taken in a Red Cross hut in Paris in March, 1919. Was the little girl, as is claimed, the youngest American in France during the war? Perhaps someone can tell us who she is

"THE story and picture in the December issue of the Legion Magazine by Comrade and Mrs. Lauth about Christmas Day at Fort Ehrenbreitstein opposite Coblenz in 1918," writes Virgil Z. Dorfmeier, Attorney-at-Law, at 814 Gas and Electric Building, Dayton, Ohio, and erstwhile 1st Lieutenant, 353d Infantry, 89th Division, "reminds me of what might be termed an anti-climax to Christmas or a Christmas Aftermath. The recounting of this tale should awaken old memories for a large number of veterans of the Army of Occupation.

"The Christmas festivities had hardly gathered real momentum that day in the Rhineland until the order went down to each regiment of each Division in the Army of Occupation to send its quota of officers and men to a special school at Châtillon-sur-Seine, and to start at once. Dropping all celebrations, the groups began to pack and make their way to the various railheads to board the 'Special.' Soon the train was loaded with some fourteen hundred soldiers from all those fighting Divisions, and all rarin' to go. But of all the rotten trains you ever saw, that one was the worst, old, worn-out equipment that Germany turned over to our use. Windows broken, no heat, no water, hardly room to sit, and slower than molasses in January. It stopped time after time on sidings to let fine, modern trains filled with civilians and soldiers of our Allies riding in comfort, go by—which of course only added to the smoldering flame of disgust and discontent of the Americans.

"A large number of us got off at Metz and took a regular train for Paris. We were joined in Nancy by more deserters from the Special who had had enough, so that the Special went on with about half its original load. By the time the Special reached Toul the soldier passengers remaining were plenty tired, cold, hungry and thirsty—mainly thirsty. Then some observant Yank spied a carload of champagne on a siding and brought in a bottle. The news spread and more bottles came into the train and one thing brought on another until the entire train was in one uproar of celebration which lasted from then until the train arrived at Châtillon, and even continued on through the streets of that formerly quiet village and did not die out until some hours later.

"Of course this incident called for an investigation by the Army school authorities and they discovered that half of the expected students hadn't even arrived on the train. In fact, it was after New Year's Day before we all finally trickled in from Paris. The upshot of it was that blank courtmartial charges were made out in large quantities. Night after night, groups were ordered to report to the examining officer until the entire student body had filed through his office. You were asked one question: 'Did you arrive at Châtillon on the Special or did you not?' If your answer was 'Yes,' then you were charged with disorderly conduct; if your answer was 'No,' then you were charged with absence without leave because it meant that you must have been with the gang that went to Paris. (Continued on page 62)

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THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
December 31, 1938

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 786,999.51
Notes and accounts receivable.....	43,253.14
Inventories	74,500.16
Invested funds.....	1,748,801.04
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.	201,487.68
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	124,764.31
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation.....	32,106.38
Deferred charges.....	23,209.24
	<u>\$3,035,121.46</u>

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and

Net Worth

Current liabilities.....	\$ 71,367.52
Funds restricted as to use.....	20,250.00
Deferred revenue.....	641,860.82
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.	201,487.68
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital.....	\$1,720,172.70
Unrestricted capital.....	379,982.74
	<u>2,100,155.44</u>
	<u>\$3,035,121.46</u>

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Hail, Little Corporal!

(Continued from page 61)

"These charges were still being investigated after we returned to our outfits in the Rhineland, but were finally dropped by making one part of the group chip in for reimbursement of the champagne consumed, and the rest of us deduct four days' pay for A. W. O. L.—the theory being that no one could blame us very much, considering the kind of train we had had.

"A poem commemorating the incident was written by one of the officers involved, multigraphed by the hundreds at the time, bought by practically everyone in the school, and the proceeds, as I recall, were turned over to a fund to help French orphans—probably that of *The Stars and Stripes*.

"If you think the curtain of censorship had better be drawn over this little phase of A. E. F. life, then so be it. However, I shall never forget that great 'Champagne Special,' nor my holiday in Paris. It was worth the dinky four days' pay that I lost, and then some!"

THIS department applauds those comrades who step forward with a boastful claim about their old outfits. Why not? Almost every man's regiment or company or crew was the best in the service, even though others may come along with even better records. So we place before you a challenge from Fred M. Wanger, Past Avocat Nationale of the Forty and Eight, who is an attorney in the American National Bank Building, St. Joseph, Missouri:

"I am writing you in the interest of the Veterans of Company A, 356th Infantry, 80th Division, who held their 20th annual reunion in my city on Armistice Day last. This Company, we believe, has an enviable record of service in the A. E. F. and carries on the traditions of service to the present day. At least seventy-five percent of our members belong to The American Legion.

"Here is our boast: Three men of our Company were awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for service above and beyond the call of duty. They were Captain Marcellus H. Chiles (posthumously), Private David B. Barkley (posthumously), and Sergeant Harold I. Johnston.

"Is not that a record for any one Company in the A. E. F.?

"We trained at Camp Funston, Kansas, went overseas in May, 1918, saw service in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne Offensives and were a unit of the Army of Occupation in Germany. We were discharged at Camp Funston on June 11, 1919. Casualties: 21 men killed and died of wounds; 57 wounded. Harold I. Johnston, our living Medal of Honor man, attended our last reunion. Our officers for 1939 are: Carson Sebers,

Denison, Texas, President; Frank H. Hardin, Savannah, Missouri, Treasurer, and I occupy the post of Secretary."

How about it, men? Is there any other one Company that had more than three men who were awarded the highest honor that our Government can bestow upon its fighters?

TWO colossal entertainments rolled into one—that is, if your old wartime outfit holds a reunion in conjunction with a Legion National Convention. It is not too early to announce your reunion during the National Convention in Chicago, September 25th to 28th, and to start making plans. Advise this department if you propose a reunion and announcement will be published in this column.

Former Tankers will be interested to learn that the World War Tank Corps Association, which was organized and held a reunion during the Legion National Convention in Los Angeles last September, is making an effort to organize local units, to be known as Battalions, throughout the country. Veterans interested in such local units and in the Association in general, which will hold a reunion in Chicago during the Legion National Convention, are requested to write to Claude J. Harris, Director, Organization Committee, World War Tank Corps Association, 817½ West 43d Street, Los Angeles, California.

Details of the following National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS, A. E. F.—Reunion. Clyde D. Burton, conv. chmn., 8211 Ellis av., Chicago, Ill.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Three-day reunion, banquet and dance. Comdr. Sidney R. Rothschild of Chicago Balloon Bed No. 5, gen. chmn., 10565 Hale av., Chicago, Ill.

G. H. Q., ARMIES and ARMY CORPS STAFF and PERSONNEL—Reunion luncheon and permanent organization. Wm. A. Barr, 1400 N. Gardner st., Los Angeles, Calif.

NATL. ASSOC. 6TH DIV.—Write for your *Sightseer* Magazine and information relative organization, and reunion in Chicago during Legion Natl. Conv., to Clarence A. Anderson, natl. secy.-treas., Box 23, Stockyards Sta., Denver, Colo.

85TH DIV. ASSOC.—Organized at Los Angeles Natl. Convention. Proposed reunion during Natl. Conv. in Chicago. Send name and outfit to Frank L. Greenya, pres., 2812 W. Pierce st., Milwaukee, Wisc.

48TH & 89TH INF., 20TH DIV.—Proposed reunion. Harry McBride, 1229-26th st., Newport News, Va.

BTRY. C, 62D C. A. C. (PRESIDIO)—Reunion. Mannie Fisher, 1357 N. Western av., Chicago, Ill.

BTRY. C, 67TH C. A. C.; 7TH CO. (FT. WINFIELD SCOTT); 44TH & 45TH PROV. COS. (PRESIDIO)—Reunion. For copy of Btry. C, 67th C. A. C., roster, write to Gerald D. Nolan, 372 Bridle Path, Worcester, Mass.

BTRIES. C & D, 4TH & 5TH REGTS., F. A. R. D., CAMP TAYLOR—Proposed reunion and organization. Frank O'Sullivan, Galena, Kans.

ARMY ART. PARK, 1ST ARMY—Proposed reunion. W. H. Kornbeck, 5529 Berenice av., Chicago, Ill.

WORLD WAR VETS. OF C. A. C.—Natl. Conv. reunion. Men interested in organizing local Battalions, write to Claude J. Harris, director of organization comm., 817½ W. 43d st., Los Angeles, Calif.

23D ENGRS. ASSOC.—Write H. H. Siddall, secy., 5440 Ridgewood Court, Chicago, Ill., for advance reunion news and copy of official publication.

35TH ENGRS.—Reunion of "We Built the Cars" veterans. Fred Krahenbuhl, 1310 Hanover st., Hamilton, Ohio.

61ST ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC. (57-58-59 R. T. C.)—2d reunion, during Legion Natl. Conv. in Chicago. Send names and addresses to Edward M. Soboda,

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

secy.-treas., 1617 W. Hopkins st., Milwaukee, Wis.
 415TH SIG. CORPS BN. ASSOC.—Reunion Hq. at Great Northern Hotel, Chicago. James J. Maher, 3723 S. Rockwell st., Chicago, Ill.
 13TH CO. & 10TH REGT., U. S. M. C., QUANTICO—Nate Leibow, 8 N. Cass av., Westmont, Ill.
 150TH AERO SQDRN.—Floyd W. Freeman, 22 Park av., Cranford, N. J.
 185TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed reunion. Floyd Perham, Lake Side, Mich.
 224TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion banquet, Sept. 25, Chicago. W. V. Matthews, 2208 Cumming st., Omaha, Neb.
 380TH & 828TH AERO SQDRNS. (MT. CLEMENS & SELFREDGE FIELD)—Reunion. Jay N. Helm, 940 Hill st., Elgin, Ill.
 322D MOTORCYCLE, M. T. C.—Proposed reunion. Walter M. Moore, 318 Decker st., Flint, Mich.
 CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV. VETS. ASSOC. (EDGEWOOD ARSENAL, LAKEHURST and elsewhere).—Reunion. Report to Geo. W. Nichols, R. 3, Kingson, N. Y.
 Q. M. C., C. & R. BRANCH, CAMP CODY, N. M.—Proposed reunion and plans for permanent organization. Henry A. Wahlborg, 106 W. Clay st., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
 EVAC. HOSP. No. 14—3d annual reunion, Chicago. J. Charles Meloy, pres., Rm. 3050, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.
 BASE HOSP., CAMP GRANT—Reunion. Harold E. Giroux, 841 W. Barry av., Chicago, Ill.
 BASE HOSP., CAMP SEVIER—Convention reunion of nurses, doctors and corpsmen, Chicago. Mrs. Mary Callaway, corres. secy., 566 W. Third st., Dayton, Ohio.
 VETS. A. E. F. SIBERIA—Annual convention, Great Northern Hotel, Chicago. Siberian vets write to Reunion Hq., Room 1200, 155 N. Clark st., Chicago.
 NAVAL AVIATORS—Proposed reunion of vets of M. I. T. and Pensacola Trng. Sta. Lauren L. Shaw, 155 Glencoe av., Decatur, Ill.
 U. S. S. *Dirie* and NEWPORT TRNG. STA.—Reunion. R. O. Levell, Box 163, New Castle, Ind.
 U. S. S. *Manta*—Reunion of crew. Wm. J. Johnson, 9311 Cottage Grove av., Chicago, Ill.
 VETS. OF POLISH EXTRACTION, their families and all Legionnaires are invited to open house in the Memorial Home of Pulaski Post, The American Legion, during the Legion National Convention in Chicago, Sept. 25-28. Address all communications to Walter Zasadzki, adjt., 1558 N. Hoyne av., Chicago, Ill.

REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention, follow:

2D DIV. ASSOC., A. E. F.—21st annual reunion, Hotel Whitcomb, San Francisco, Calif., July 20-22. David McKell, conv. chmn., 65 Post st., San Francisco.
 4TH DIV. ASSOC., PENNA. CHAPTER—Annual reunion, Hotel Walton, Philadelphia, Pa., May 6. C. Roland Gelatt, secy., 4807 Chester av., Philadelphia.
 5TH (RED DIAMOND) DIV.—Write for copy of *Red Diamond* and for Fifth Div. History to Wm. Barton Bruce, pres., 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I.
 20TH (YD) DIV.—YDVA natl. conv., Hartford, Conn., June 22-25. Write Wallace H. Glading, exec. secy., P. O. Box 1776, Hartford.
 SOC. OF 28TH DIV.—All vets requested to send names, addresses and units to Walter W. Haughefer, secy.-treas., 1444 S. Vodges st., Philadelphia, Pa., for roster.
 30TH DIV.—450-page divisional history may be obtained from E. A. Murphy, Old Hickory Publ. Co., Lepanto, Ark.
 34TH (SANDSTORM) DIV.—Annual reunion, Webster City, Iowa, July 23. Lacey Darnell, gen. chmn., Webster City.
 RAINBOW (42n) VETS.—21st annual reunion, Oklahoma City, Okla., July 13-15. Albert Hoyt, natl. secy., 3792 W. 152d st., Cleveland, Ohio.
 77TH DIV. ASSOC. extends all courtesies and facilities of its Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, to veterans of all outfits who visit the New York World's Fair. Information about Fair, side trips, hotels, etc., will be available. Jos. E. Delaney, exec. secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.
 77TH DIV. ASSOC.—Testimonial dinner and dance will be tendered to I. J. Fox, prominent veteran of Division, at Hotel Astor, New York City, Sat., Mar. 25th. Reservations through Jos. Delaney, secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.
 10ST BATTALION, 77TH DIV.—The first reunions of survivors were held last year. A permanent association has been formed and all survivors of the "Pocket" are asked to report to Walter J. Baldwin, secy., 185E Victor st., New York City, for information regarding future reunions.
 78TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual spring smoker and reunion, Capitol Hotel, 51st st. & 8th av., New York City, Apr. 22. Write Richard T. Stanton, 1070 Anderson av., New York City.
 80TH DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—20th annual convention and reunion, Uniontown, Pa., Aug. 3-6. Dr. S. A. Baltz, chmn., Uniontown. Mark R. Byrne, secy., Natl. Hq., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 SOC. OF 89TH DIV.—Vets in Chicago area invited to organize local chapter. Write to Rudolph Lurie, 5306 W. 23d st., Cicero, Ill.
 92D DIV. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Vets invited to join. Osie Kelley, pres., 720 E. 50th pl., Chicago, Ill.

36TH INF. CLUB—For roster, write to Harry Berg, secy., 3139 15th av., S., Minneapolis, Minn.
 126TH INF.—Reunion, Jackson, Mich., Aug. 4-6. Chas. Alexander, Otsego Hotel, Jackson.
 135TH INF. OFFICERS—Annual reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., Mar. 25. Edson J. Andrews, 1118 W. 53d st., Minneapolis.
 314TH INF.—Annual reunion, Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 22-24. Chas. M. Stimpson, secy., 2239 Benson av., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 314TH INF., Co. I—Annual reunion, American Legion Hall, Catasauqua, Pa., Apr. 29.
 316TH INF. ASSOC.—20th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 23. Report to Raymond A. Cullen, secy., 1829 Cobbs Creek Parkway, Philadelphia.
 M. G. Co. VETS. ASSOC., 108TH INF.—15th annual reunion, Buffalo, N. Y., Apr. 1. Jas. A. Edwards, 166 Cleveland av., Buffalo.
 308TH INF., Co. K—Annual reunion dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, Apr. 22. Simon Reiss, 105 Bennett av., New York City.
 357TH INF., Co. M—Reunion, Medicine Park, Okla., July 29-30. Martin G. Kizer, secy., Apache, Okla.
 133n M. G. BN., 36TH DIV.—2d annual reunion, Marshall, Tex., June 18. Send name, address and company to Jesse J. Childers, 223 S. Covington st., Hillsboro, Tex.
 Co. D, 105TH M. G. BN.—Reunion and permanent roster. Elmer Weustrom, 298 Union av., Belleville, N. J.
 51ST PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Flushing, N. Y., Sept. 10. Walter Morris, gen. chmn., 139-09 34th Road, Flushing.
 59TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—4th reunion, Rehoboth Beach, Del., in Aug. Definite date to be announced later. Howard D. Jester, 1913 Washington st., Wilmington, Del.
 119TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Armory, Lansing, Mich., Sat. Apr. 8. C. M. Marietta, secy., 736 Durant st., Lansing.
 328TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC. A. E. F.—16th annual reunion, Grand Rapids, Mich., June 24-25. For details and for membership in association, write to L. J. Lynch, adjt., 1747 Madison av., S. E., Grand Rapids.
 71ST REGT., C. A. C.—Annual reunion, Boston Yacht Club, 5 Rowses Wharf, Boston, Mass., Apr. 29. Theo. A. Cote, adjt., 350 Tarklin Hill Road, New Bedford, Mass.
 50TH CO., C. A. C., FT. LEAVITT, ME.—For membership in organization and information about reunion, write to Secy. R. N. Stoffer, Chief of Police, Salem, Ohio.
 338TH MOTOR TRANSP. REPAIR UNIT—For roster, send name and address to Mark H. Taylor, Rutherford, Tenn.
 2D ENGRS. ASSOC. A. E. F.—For roster, report to R. O. Lundgren, secy., 549 W. Washington blvd., Chicago, Ill.
 VETS. OF 13TH ENGRS. (RY.)—Annual reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., June 16-18. Jas. A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.
 15TH ENGRS. (RY.)—20th annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Apr. 29. Send names and addresses to Bryon Wade, 210 Realty bldg., Youngstown, Pennsylvania.
 15TH ENGRS. MOTHERS AND WIVES—Meet first Tuesday of each month at Congress of Clubs, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mrs. Beulah E. McGraw, secy., 1700 Benton av., E. Bellevue, Pa.
 VETS. 31ST RY. ENGRS. A. E. F.—11th annual reunion, Oakland, Calif., Aug. 18-20. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 104½ 1st st., W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
 52D ENGRS. R. T. C.—2d annual reunion, New Castle, Pa., July 30-31. J. A. Bell, 320 Meyer av., New Castle.
 15TH ENGRS., Co. D—Reunion, Oakmont, Pa., Apr. 20. R. L. Knight, 224 N. Aiken av., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 306TH F. S. BN.—For copy of Battalion History, write to Warren W. Irwin, editor, 243 Roosevelt rd., Rochester, N. Y.
 374TH AERO SQDRN.—Proposed organization and reunion. Jos. A. Brady, 577 N. 26th st., East St. Louis, Ill.
 AIR SERV., Essington, Pa. & Lake Charles, La.—20th annual reunion, Essington, Pa., during May. For definite date, write Samuel H. Paul, 540 E. Graves Lane, Chestnut Hill, Phila., Pa.
 BASE HOSP. No. 2—Reunion, and formation of Etretat Assoc., during May. For details, write G. Ross, 137-73 Belknap st., Springfield Gardens, N. Y.
 146TH FIELD HOSP., 112TH SAN. TRN., 37TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Cleveland, Ohio, Sat., Apr. 15. For details, write Dr. John E. Rauschkolb, 1705 Republic bldg., Cleveland.
 MED. SUP. DEPOT, CAMP DIX—Proposed reunion, Delaware Water Gap, Pa., Aug. For details, write Clarence T. Shaw, *Scranton Times News* Dept., Scranton, Pa.
 U. S. S. *Canandaigua*—Proposed reunion in June. For details, write John Weller Wood, Manhasset, L. I., N. Y.
 U. S. S. *Emeline*—Reunion of vets of crew, New York City, Sat., Mar. 25. H. W. Rose, 200 Madison av., New York City.
 U. S. S. *Sierra*—Proposed reunion and organization. Ira Maier, 375 Riverside Drive, New York City.
 VETS. A. E. F. SIBERIA—3d annual reunion, Eastern Dept., at Philadelphia, Pa., in May. For date and details, write Geo. Winkleman, comdr., 1834 Dallas st., Philadelphia.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

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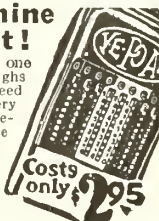
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FRONT and CENTER

WORKERS OVER 40

To the Editor: Harking back to the June, 1938 issue of the magazine, I was impressed with the story, "Hats off to the Middle Lifer," by J. C. Hormel.

Mr. Hormel is to be congratulated for the real American spirit he displays on the all important question of the "Middle Lifers." The number of men he employs over forty years of age and the wages paid to them prove beyond any reasonable doubt the value of these men in Mr. Hormel's industry.

The writer is employed by the Simmons Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin, manufacturers of bedding equipment. In looking around the factory many familiar faces are recognized as "Middle Lifers" who are seeking security in the continuation of their labors with this Company.

After reading the information listed below, secured by our Works Manager, Mr. E. W. Hanak, pertaining to the ages and length of service of the employees, the satisfaction derived as to the Simmons Company's attitude on the very important question "After Forty — WHAT" is gratifying.

	Number Employed
At age sixty years or over . . .	128
55 to 60 years . . .	151
50 to 55 years . . .	239
45 to 50 years . . .	348
40 to 45 years . . .	325
35 to 40 years . . .	277
30 to 35 years . . .	272
25 to 30 years . . .	295
20 to 25 years . . .	154
Under 20 years . . .	6
TOTAL	2,195
Employed 40 years or over . . .	19
30 to 40 years . . .	107
20 to 30 years . . .	363
15 to 20 years . . .	440
10 to 15 years . . .	474
5 to 10 years . . .	543
4 to 5 years . . .	74
3 to 4 years . . .	50
2 to 3 years . . .	98
1 to 2 years . . .	27
Under one year
TOTAL	2,195

I believe in giving credit where credit is due. The record which the Simmons Company has exemplified is certainly worthy of your consideration in your drive on the employment question.—D. A. TONER, *Post 21, Kenosha, Wisconsin.*

"NO BIAS IN THE LEGION"

To the Editor: As a member of the Legion in a foreign country I like the magazine very much and keep every number and also read every word in it. I regret all discrimination against the drafted men. I am sure that the drafted men were a

great majority in the U. S. Army during the World War. As for myself, before the United States declared war I wanted to join the U. S. Army but was rejected because I was a foreigner. After the United States declared war with Germany I was drafted into service, and I was still a neutral foreigner. Well, I claimed exemption, being a foreigner. But now the military authorities refused to reason. I had to serve although I was a foreigner. I served eighteen months in the U. S. Army, fifteen months in France. I also became a naturalized American citizen. I think I am as patriotic and American as an enlisted man. No matter how we got into service we are all ex-service men and we should stick together and belong to The American Legion or other ex-service organization.—HARRY S. WIBERG, *Stockholm (Sweden) Post, The American Legion.*

* * *

To the Editor: When a foreigner comes to the United States to make his home here we quite properly feel that he should assume the obligations of citizenship in the country where he is living. We don't like the idea of "hyphenated Americans." At the same time we are prepared to extend the hand of fellowship to any person of foreign birth who becomes our fellow citizen. We remember that our ancestors (unless they were full-blooded Indians) were all immigrants.

It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways. For that reason I feel that those former American soldiers who chose to remain in France, who married French women, secured French jobs, and in general placed themselves under the authority and protection of the French Republic, have shown a very poor spirit by refusing to become French citizens. I see no virtue at all in their retaining their American citizenship, as is so approvingly mentioned in Mrs. Ragner's article in the January issue.

There is no blame attaching to them for remaining in France. That was their privilege, just as it was the privilege of

our forefathers to come to America from France, or England, or Germany, or any other country. But there is a decided blame attached to them for living in a country, doing its work and eating its bread, and refusing to cut the legal tie which binds them to the country of their birth.—CHARLES H. COLEMAN, *Andrew Dunn Post, Charleston, Illinois.*

50TH, NOT 59TH

To the Editor: In the November issue there was a story called "Homecoming," according to which the man who picked out the body of our Unknown Soldier was Sgt. Edward Younger, of Headquarters, 2d Battalion, 59th Infantry. (This was a regiment of the 4th. Div.) In the U. S. Army Recruiting News of November is an article called "Known But to God" by Herbert E. Smith, who states that the man who did the picking was Sgt. Edward F. Younger, Headquarters, 2d Battalion, 50th Infantry. As this event took place late in 1921 and the 4th Division started to leave the Rhine early in July 1919, I am wondering which story is correct.—BEN ALEXANDER, *102d Engineers Post, New York.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—A typographical error placed Sergeant Younger in the 59th Infantry. It should have read 50th.]

ABOUT THOSE MEDALS

To the Editor: I heartily agree with Comrade DuBoise's article appearing in the December issue of the Legion Magazine.

Why isn't the veteran with a service-connected total disability entitled to the Purple Heart?

I have reference to the veteran who was not wounded in action. He might have been badly gassed, a mental case, poisoned, blind or seriously injured by accident during his service.

Surely these men should not be discriminated against. They are most certainly entitled to some sort of recognition.

I am not disabled but I am familiar with several service-connected total disability cases, and feel that some sort of recognition in the form of a medal for these unfortunates is little enough.

These men cannot and probably would not make this request for themselves; it is up to their able bodied comrades to do it for them. Can't you start the ball rolling?—DAN LUCAS, *Roseland Post, Chicago, Illinois.*

Because of space demands, letters quoted in this department (responsibility for statements in which is vested in the writers and not in this magazine) are subject to abridgement. Names, addresses and post affiliation must be given, though the editors will withhold publication of these if the circumstances warrant.

SWING A SONG OF CHEER OLD DRUM IS KING THIS YEAR!

To Johnny Blowers, able drummer-man of Ben Bernie's famous band, we award this month's honorary miniature Gold Drum. Long a favorite with swing devotees, Johnny now turns out a smooth kind of tempo for the "Old Maestro and All The Lads."



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And its fair price would make a hit
with any "Sandy," too! That's an-
other reason why there's been such a
heavy barrage on Old Drum. So buy a
bottle today and take it back to your
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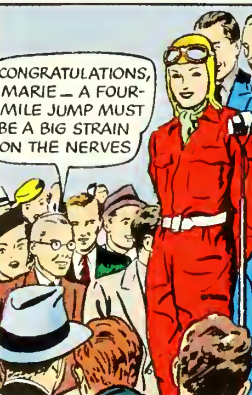
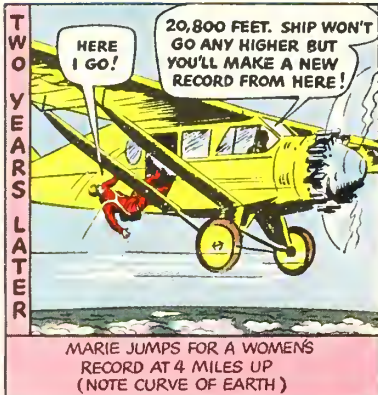
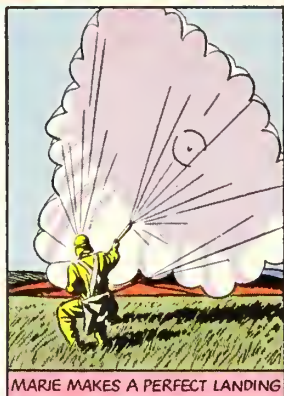
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NEXT MORNING—MARIE FELT PRETTY SCARED BUT—



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(left) WHEN BUSY, STRENUOUS days put your nerves on the spot, take a tip from the wire fox terrier pictured here. Despite his almost humanly complex nerve system, he quickly halts in the midst of any activity, to relax—to ease his nerves. So often, we humans ignore this *instinctive urge* to break nerve tension. We may even take pride in our will to drive on relentlessly, forgetting that tiring nerves may soon be *jittery nerves*! Yet the welfare of your nerves is vital to your success, your happiness. Make it your pleasant rule to pause regularly—to LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL. Start today—add an *extra* comfort to your smoking with Camel's costlier tobaccos.



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